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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

December 9, 1930 Vol. 37, No. 859

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COLUMBIA PICTURES

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SCOTLAND YARD
BILLY THE KID
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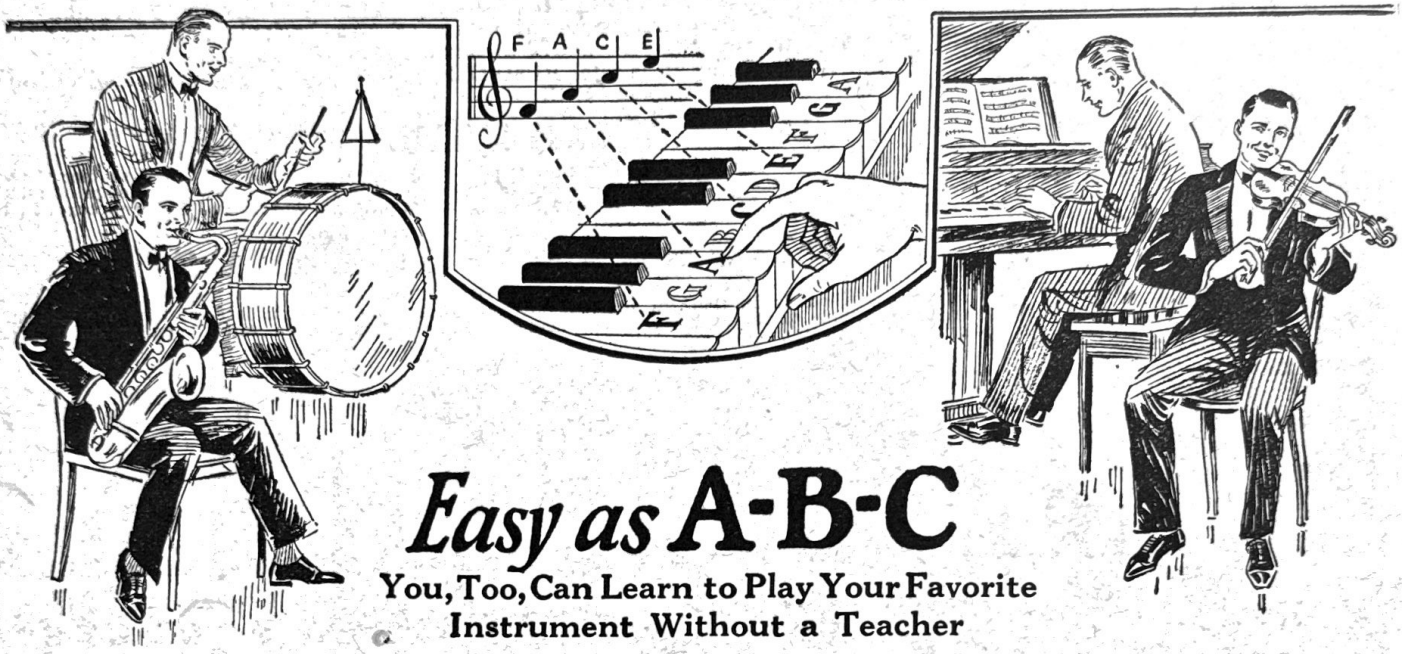

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DECEMBER 9, 1930

Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor — ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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Her Man

By

ROSEMARY LEE

Say, yer holdin' out on me."
"No, I ain't, Johnnie! Honest, I ain't."

"SAY, baby, I can show yer more real sugar than Johnnie ever heard of. Get smart. Air him—and I'll put yer where yer really belong—in heavy jack."

Red Martin leaned closer to the golden-haired girl who sat at the table beside him in one of the little booths of the Thalia, the most popular rendez-vous of Havana's underworld. The girl, Frankie, regarded him calmly. She was accustomed to just such speeches. That's what she was paid for, to listen to them and to get their makers to buy drinks. Though hers was always clear water disguised as gin, the customer paid—and paid well. And, besides listening and inducing the men to order drinks, she had another job, to slip her hand gently into their pockets and extract whatever bills she could get her fingers on. The funds thus collected did not belong to Frankie, however. Johnnie was her "protector" and, every night when they returned to their room, she had to turn over to him the evening's spoils. She did not try the usual methods with Red. He was a constant visitor at the Thalia, one of the "regulars"—too regular to please Johnnie who always kept Frankie within range of his jealous eyes. Now, at the other side of the booth, he was listening to the conversation that was taking place at the table. This fact, however, did not color her answer. She was not interested in Red except as a purchaser of drinks on which she drew her commission.

"Listen, Red, will you get out?" she returned, staring at him coldly.

But Red did not take her seriously. How could any girl resist him?

"Say, cutie," he continued, "I like you. Me and you

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is going to be pals. I can see it comin'." His fingers closed over her arm, bare in the tawdry little evening dress.

"Take your hands off me," she commanded, trying to wrench herself free.

"Okay, cutie, okay!" the man laughed. "You'll wise up sooner or later and, when you do, me and you's goin' ter make plenty of jack."

Johnnie had heard all he wanted of this particular conversation. He nodded his head at two of the men standing at the bar and the next minute they joined him. A whispered conversation followed, then the two started back across the dance hall. One of them stopped at a table where a dark-haired girl was entertaining one of the customers. It was the work of a moment to arouse the girl's partner to a fighting mood and, as one man, all the patrons of the Thalia joined in the general battle that followed—all except Johnnie who remained quietly in his seat, fingering a knife he held in his hand, and Red who left Frankie and started toward the door, pausing a moment to watch the progress of the struggle. Johnnie's eyes measured the distance between them and, unseen by anyone, he raised his arm and let fly the knife concealed in his hand. When the fight was over, Red was discovered lying dead on the floor. Johnnie put his arm through Frankie's and led her out into the street.

"Come on, honey," he said, steering her through the crowd. "Things like this is tough on a dame."

"Who done it?" she asked fearfully.

"I don't know. Forget about it," he advised as they crossed the street and mounted the stairs to their own room. "We're safe now. How much did yer make tonight, baby? Gimme!" He held out his hand and the girl placed a roll of bills in it. He looked down at it calculatingly. "Say, yer holding out on me!" he exclaimed.

"No, I ain't, honest, I ain't, Johnnie," she protested.

"For two cents, I'd—" he began.

"You'd what?" she interrupted, facing him bravely. His eyes gazed into hers searchingly. "It was only five bucks," she admitted, no longer able to conceal the truth from him. "I gave it to Annie—she was all in."

"Aw, it ain't de dough," he told her. "It's the idea of yer not bein' on de level wid me that burns me up. Don't I treat yer good? Ain't I on de up and up wid yer? Look what I done fer yer. What was yer when I found yer?"

"I know, Johnnie," she sobbed. "You've been swell with me."

The sight of her tears softened the man.

"Forget it, kid," he said with rough kindness. "What I've done fer you ain't nothin' ter what I'm goin' to do fer yer. You'll be wearin' furs and diamonds. An' listen, kid. There ain't a dame on the street that ain't jealous of yer cause you've got me lookin' out fer yer."

The girl nodded, then a troubled look returned to her eyes.

"Johnnie, who do you suppose got Red?"

"How should I know?" he returned lightly. "Yer know how it is wid dem guys. They're liable to go any time. Some guy's squarin' things, dat's all. Stop worryin' kid. Just leave everything to me."

This is an adaptation of the Pathé screen presentation of the story by Howard Higgin and Tay Garnett, produced by E. B. Derr. Tay Garnett directed, with Helen Twelvetrees appearing as Frankie, Marjorie Rambeau as Annie, Ricardo Cortez as Johnnie, Phillips Holmes as Dan, James Gleason as Steve and Harry Sweet as Eddie.

THE next evening Frankie smiled in anticipation, as what experience had taught her was a good prospect strolled into the Thalia. The man, far past the first bloom of youth, caught the smile and answered it readily. Soon he was buying the usual drinks and considering himself fortunate that such a lovely young companion had fallen to his lot. So engrossed was he in Frankie's bright answers and brighter eyes that it was an easy matter for the girl to relieve him of his roll of bills. Soon, however, her attention was attracted — and held — by a newcomer to the Thalia, a curly-headed blond sailor who perched himself on top of the bar and began to sing a haunting love song. Frankie paid but wandering heed to her "customer's" pleasantries, but, nothing daunted, they increased in ardor in proportion to the drinks which the attentive waiter hustled to the table. Finally, however, she was awakened to the situation by feeling a rough arm pressed closely about her and the man's lips approaching hers. With all her strength she struggled to free herself. Suddenly the singing at the bar came to an end and, with a few long strides, the blond sailor was at her side, had her companion firmly by the collar and was lifting him from his seat. The next minute he, himself, was in the ejected seaman's place and was gazing admiringly into her frightened eyes.

"Let's have it, babe," he said. "Slip your old uncle a load of it."

"You came here to have a good time—why should I spoil it with my troubles?"

"Go ahead, sister, spill it," he urged.

The girl's voice grew passionate with the intensity of her feeling.

"It's this life. It's killin' me. Sometimes it seems like I can't stand it no longer. I ain't never known anything but dumps like this, sailor. I was born in one of 'em. How I hate 'em!"

"Why don't you get out?" he questioned, puzzled.

"How far would I get? I ain't no man. I wish I was! Gee, if I could get away off somewheres, somewheres where there was green grass and trees and everything, where things was clean and good, I could start all over again! Things 'd be different! But there ain't no chance," she ended hopelessly.

"There's always a chance," he assured her. "Listen, I got a yen like that myself. I seen a place one time like you said. Me and a shipmate cruises out to see the guy's old lady. There she is all tucked away in a snug little joint with morning glories all over it. It was swell. I had a yen to grab off one of them little joints myself, right then and there. I might have been raising chickens now if there had been anybody—" The sailor stopped abruptly. He had felt a slender little hand slip into his pocket—and leave it empty. His eyes gazed into hers reproachfully. "I'm sorry you did that," he said quietly.

A hot blush of shame flushed the girl's face. Never before had she felt such sickening regret, such remorse for the life she was leading. But there was nothing to do but to brave it out.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" she asked insolently.

"Nothing," he told her.

"Much obliged, sailor," she returned with a hard smile that disfigured her soft young lips.

"Why did you do it?" he persisted, still puzzled.

"Why not? You knew what you're up against when you came here. This ain't no seamen's mission."

"Sure, I know," he said quietly, "but I sorta fell for that yarn you slipped me. Guess it was because I kinda wanted to."

"Gee, if I could get off somewheres where things was clean and good, I could start all over again!"

She could not face his reproachful gaze. Instead, her eyes wandered toward the bar, just in time to see the bartender slip into the drink that was intended for her companion the usual drops that were used when a sailor with a bank roll did not seem likely to pass out of his own volition. The next minute the glasses were placed on the table before them.

"Let's drink up," she said.

The lad raised his glass to his lips, but, before he could touch its contents, Frankie's hand flew up and sent it crashing on the table.

"Say, what the—" he began, then the light of comprehension dawned. "Oh, I understand. Much obliged, sister. Good day. I'll be seein' you."

Sobs rose to the girl's throat but with a hard little glint in her eyes she fought to surpress them. Unknown to her, Johnnie, as usual, had had her under his watchful gaze from the moment of her meeting with the sailor. Though to some, the crashing of the glass might have seemed an accident, Johnnie had no such delusion. He strode over to her table.

"What's the idea?" he asked gruffly.

"The idea of what?" she returned, trying to keep the fright she felt from showing itself in her voice. "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do! What was the idea of knockin' that guy's drink over?"

"It was an accident, honest it was, Johnnie," she insisted. "A girl's got a right to slip up once in a while. Gee, I—I—I— just—"

"Yer just lost yer nerve," the man finished. "And I don't think yer'd better slip up that way again soon," he warned.

A FEW evenings later, the blond sailor, Dan, by name, again slipped into the Thalia. His eager eyes searched the table for the little girl who had been so constantly in his thoughts the past days. At last he found her, entertaining the usual type of pleasure-seeker that frequented the Thalia. His steadfast gaze read her lips and he knew she was repeating the familiar words:

"Gee, if I could get away off somewheres, somewheres were there was green grass and trees and everything, where things was clean and good, I could start—" She felt his eyes fastened upon her and stopped abruptly. He grinned over at her but she ignored his greeting and attempted to finish the familiar speech. "Things'd be different. But there ain't—" It was no use. She couldn't continue. She slipped away from her companion and approached the bar.

"Why didn't you finish tellin' that guy your story?" Dan greeted. "There's a guy that would have understood. He was all set to name you in his will.

"If you don't mind your business, I'll—" Frankie flashed.

"Just a minute," the sailor interrupted. "I'm goin' to tell you why you didn't keep on talkin'. What you was tellin' that guy—same as you told me—was true, every word of it, only you don't know it."

"Ain't you a smart guy?" she jeered.

"You couldn't have made that up out of your head if you really didn't think about them things once in a while," he told her, "and want 'em."

"I don't want nothin'," she stormed, close to tears. "I don't need no one to tell me where to get off at. I'm all right."

"Sure, you're all right," he soothed. "You just got yourself figured wrong, that's all. You've been figurin' you was a bad baby. You ain't. You're just a little dame, a pretty regular little dame, at that. You've been thinkin' you're as hard as nails. You ain't. You're soft. The reason you've been sayin' that speil of your so good is because, way down deep inside of you, you really mean it. You know you don't belong here. And now you're all burned up because I'm wise to you. You're goin' to snap outa all this. You can't help it. I hope I'm around when you do. I'd like to give you a hand."

For some reason unaccountable to herself, rage surged through her and choked her speech. With a disdainful toss of her head in the direction of the blond sailor, she flung away from the bar and disappeared behind the swinging doors that led to a smaller room. There, as she expected, she found Annie, an oldtimer at the Thalia, whose beauty in former years had attracted many of the visitors to the place. In spite of her dissipation, she still

(*Continued on page* 25)

"You gotta help me, Annie! You gotta stop Dan from comin' here."

Scotland Yard

By ETHEL ROSEMON

THE boat from Scotland Yard made its way along the Thames, the keen, searching eyes of its occupants, aided by the powerful searchlight, scanning the river's darkest coves. Behind a growth of rushes, a white-faced man, his mouth twisted with pain, watched the boat's approach with calculating gaze. As the light flashed on his hiding place, he ducked low and the boat sped on.

ABOARD the house boat of Sir John Lasher, that wealthy banker and clubman was raising a glass to his lips while his lovely bride, Xandra, stood looking at him with undisguised disapproval.

"Last chance you'll have to drink with your husband," he reminded her thickly. "Tomorrow Sir John Lasher goes to war."

"Haven't you had enough to drink tonight?" she asked gently. For answer, Sir John drained the glass he held in his hand. "Oh, I thought tonight at least you could be different," the girl sighed as, her shoulders drooping in weary dejection, she turned toward her own room.

The man refilled his glass, his eyes fastened contemplatively upon the door that had just closed upon his bride, then he turned in susprise as a voice at his side said:

"I'll take that drink."

Sir John's liquor-dazed gaze took in but dimly the ugly, distorted features of the man who had so suddenly confronted him as he demanded haughtily:

"Do you know who I am? You're talking to Sir John Lasher of the Central Union Bank—and I demand that you leave here immediately."

The other's lips curled in a disdainful smile.

"You're talking to a man who has been in better banks than you'll ever see. Now don't move," he warned as Sir Lasher turned away. "I've got a bad ankle and you're going to bandage it."

At that moment, Xandra, attracted by the sound of voices, came from her room, her lace negligée flowing in graceful folds about her slim young body, her hair, released from its confining pins, falling in a golden mist about her shoulders.

"Who is this man?" she inquired, shrinking back in fear from the uncouth, dripping figure that had now settled itself in the big arm chair.

"I'll tell you, milady," the newcomer spoke up. "My name is Dakin Barrolles. I've been swimming in the river. It's cold out there, so I stopped in here for a drink. That fellow there was about to bandage my busted ankle—but I think I'd rather have you come over here and play nurse."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," the girl flashed.

"Look—look here, dear. You'd better do it," Sir John put in as he noted the angry shadow that darkened the man's eyes. "The fellow's desperate. Go ahead, Xandra." He gave her a slight push in the direction of the newcomer.

"Xandra—that's quite a name," Dakin said softly. "Sounds like a lovely flower—or a race horse."

Sir John thrust his handkerchief into his bride's hand and, her eyes plainly showing her distaste for the task in hand, she knelt down and bound it tightly about the swollen ankle. At that instant, the chugging of a motor boat nearby caused the three to turn questioningly toward the open door. Before Dakin realized his intention, Sir John was hailing the approaching boat. Like a flash, the other was behind him, his hand tightly gripping the gun in his pocket.

"You called them—now you talk to them—quick!" he hissed in his ear.

"I'll tell them who you are," Sir John returned as an inspector's voice came from the water below:

"House boat, ahoy!"

"Tell them it was a mistake—anything," Dakin whispered threatingly, "because, if they get me, I'll get you first. Not a word out of you, either." He turned to Xandra who stood tremblingly at her husband's side.

"This is Detective Inspector Adkins of Police Headquarters, sir," the man standing in the bow of the boat announced. "Was that you calling?"

"Yes, officer, my wife and I were wondering what all the noise was about."

"I'm sorry if we disturbed you, sir," the inspector apologized.

"That's all right," Lasher assured him. "Good night."

As they returned to the living-room, Dakin fastened his eyes on the pale-faced girl at his side.

"Sorry I frightened you." There was a new note of gentleness in his voice. "Many thanks for bandaging my ankle. You're all right." He picked up a locket that lay on the table and gazed at the two pictured faces that looked up at him from the golden frame. "May I carry this for good luck—and the memory of a lovely lady?" From a stand near by he took a hat and bowed in farewell to Xandra. "When he sobers up, tell him Dakin Barrolles borrowed his hat. Good night, your ladyship."

IN the hangout occupied by Barrolles, he found his buddy, Charles Fox, awaiting his arrival. Things had not worked out well for Fox, either. In a fight with the night watchman at the bank which they had attempted to rob that night, he had lost his tobacco pouch and his cap—and the pouch had his initials on it. It had been a bungled job all around, a job that would be sure to have serious results. But they had gotten out of tight jams before. There must be some way out of this one. As they sat in silence, ruminating on the day's work, the sound of marching feet and the stirring music of a band came to them. Both walked over to the window.

"Look here, young fellow," Dakin addressed his companion. "Since you left your cap and tobacco pouch with your initials on it at the bank, the police have everything but your private address. They'll pick us up for certain now. Scotland Yard wants us—our King and country need us. Which shall it be?"

A look of understanding passed between the two buddies and a moment later they joined the marching line.

IN a historic old chateau in France, the famous Dr. Paul Deon was smiling with satisfaction. The case that was now nearing completion was one of the most

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This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the play by Denison Clift. William K. Howard directed, with Edmund Lowe appearing as Dakin Barrolles and Sir John Lasher, Joan Bennett as Xandra, Barbara Leonard as Nurse Cecilia, Donald Crisp as Charles Fox, Lumsden Hare as Sir Clive Heathcote, George Renevant as Dr. Deon, David Torrence as Captain Graves and Halliwell Hobbes as Lord St. Arran.

lt he had handled during the long years of the War and he felt that it was going to be the most successful. The face upon which he had performed his miracle had been battered almost beyond recognition but he was confident that, when the bandages were removed, the features would differ in no respect from the pictured face he had used as his model. His happy contemplation of the result his skill was interrupted by the nurse's announcement a Captain Graves was calling to see him. The next moment the visitor entered his private office. He was looking for a man named Dakin Barrolles, he said, and he had every reason to believe that he was in this particular hospital. The surgeon offered to show his records to this representative of the British Intelligence Service but the captain laughingly told him the man he sought had so many names the records would be of no assistance and, unfortunately, the department had never been able to get near enough to him to take his fingerprints.

"But I have a photograph of him that might be useful," Captain Graves added. "I have it here somewhere—not a very good one but—" He searched through his pockets. "That's stupid of me—I must have left it in my portfolio at—"

He laid the contents of his pockets on the doctor's desk, one picture facing upward. Deon reached over and picked it up.

"Who is this man?" he inquired thoughtfully.

"That's Sir John Lasher," Graves told him. "He used to be head of the Central Union Bank of Great Britain."

"This man is here," Deon announced excitedly. "He was in this room not five minutes ago."

"Sir John Lasher!" Graves exclaimed.

"This man is one of my most successful operations, complete restoration of a hopelessly shattered face," surgeon went on. "Look." He held up a locket containing the pictures of a lovely golden-haired girl and handsome young man, the latter a duplicate of the photograph Captain Graves had taken from his pocket. "Isn't this the identical man? I found the locket among his personal effects, the only guide I had."

The captain's eyes were wide with amazement as they traveled from the locket to the cardboard picture he held in his hand.

"May I see him?" he asked finally.

"He's still wearing the bandages and I'd like him to remain quiet until tomorrow when they will be removed," Deon objected.

"He's been missing for two years now and we were just about to close our records in the case," Graves told him, "but, if you are absolutely certain that the picture in this locket is the man you have in your charge, I will notify Scotland Yard at once. It is splendid to have found Sir John—even if Barrolles is not here."

THE next day a man who strove bravely to hide his nervous anxiety sat in Dr. Deon's private office while the surgeon and the nurse slowly removed the bandages that swathed his face.

"Well, how do I look?" he asked quietly when the last piece of cloth had been unwound and the two stood scrutinizing his face with eager interest.

"You must judge for yourself," the doctor told him as the nurse handed him a mirror. "There! The resemblance is perfect." Deon held the locket up before his patient.

The man's eyes traveled from the mirror to the pictured face, a whimsical smile playing about his mouth.

"Yes, the resemblance is perfect. Why—why you have even removed the scar over my left eye."

"Last chance you'll have to drink with your husband. Tomorrow Sir John Lasher goes to war."

"A good workman leaves no imperfections," the surgeon returned with justified pride. "It was very fortunate that we had this." He nodded at the locket.

A tender, remminiscent smile lighted the other's eyes.

"It has always been good luck," he said quietly.

A moment later Captain Graves was announced. The surgeon greeted him eagerly, anxious to have his opinion of the work just completed.

"The operation is a great success," he told him. "Of course, my patient is a little overwrought and excited to see himself again."

Graves held out his hand in cordial greeting to the silent man who stood at the doctor's side.

"Let me congratulate you on your amazing recovery, Sir John," he said. "You know the War Office had you missing for two years."

"The captain came here to look for a very notorious bank thief, a certain Dakin Barrolles," Dr. Deon explained.

"That name would mean nothing to Sir John," Graves put in.

The patient's brow wrinkled in a thoughtful frown.

"Dakin Barrolles—Dakin—Dakin—" he repeated searchingly. "I'm afraid you won't find him, Captain. He's dead."

"What makes you think that?" Graves asked.

"He was in my battalion," the other announced.

"Which regiment?"

"Queen's Westminsters," came the quiet reply.

Graves look puzzled.

"The Queen's Westminsters?" he repeated. "That's odd. My records have you with the Royal Lancasters."

"Well, Captain, your records are wrong," the other told him calmly.

MEANWHILE word of the wonderful discovery was winging its way to London. As soon as it reached Scotland Yard, Sir Clive Heathcote, head of the Intelligence Service and a life-long friend of the families concerned, hastened to the home of Xandra's guardian, Lord St. Arran. It was not an easy task to break the news, for the young widow seemed to have put aside all memory of her brief married life and no reference to Sir John Lasher was ever made in her presence. She was the most popular member of the younger set and society found food for speculation as one after another of its most eligible young bachelors became her devoted admirer. On this particular evening, Heathcote found her the centre of a gay party in progress at the home of Lord St. Arran. It was this that gave him his cue to lead up to the reason for his visit.

"You know, Xandra dear, you're being talked about," he told her when he had succeeded in drawing her away from the group of young men who surrounded her. "You must think about your position—Sir John's family. It seems that you've passed over his death rather lightly."

"What am I expected to do, old darling," she returned affectionately, "spend the rest of my life planning memorial windows?"

"Now, now, dear," he returned gravely, "that's not the attitude to take. It sounds so shallow—and you're not that. One would think you never really loved him."

The girl's eyes met his frankly.

"I never did. So why be a hypocrite about a memory that's ugly?"

"Then why did you marry him?"

"Tell them it was a mistake—anything—because, if they get me, I'll get you first."

"Oh, I don't know—war time hysteria, I suppose," she said gravely. "We were thrown at each other. We never could have been happy. If he had come back alive, it would have been a tragedy for both of us. I should like to put the memory of Sir John Lasher as far away from me as possible."

"You can't do that," he told her, holding out the telegram.

The girl's face whitened as she read it and she remained silent for a moment. Then the light of determination darkened her eyes.

"What are you going to do?" the man who was watching her changing expression asked finally.

Xandra was a thoroughbred and she faced the future bravely.

"Go to him and bring him home. It's the only decent thing I can do."

AND so, while Graves waited in the outer office for a final word with Dr. Deon, a grave, pale-faced girl approached him with the announcement that she was Lady Lasher. As the captain crossed the room to the door of the private office, the doctor was contemplating the face of his patient with a puzzled expression.

"Captain Graves was just showing me a picture of Dakin Barrolles," he said finally. "There was a scar over his left eye."

"Really?" the other returned with no show of interest. "Doctor, if you'll pardon me, I'll take a breath of fresh air."

He opened the door and confronted the captain with Xandra by his side.

"I've come to take you home, John," the girl announced, not daring to raise her eyes to his face.

"Xandra!" he exclaimed dazedly.

The deep huskiness of his voice puzzled her.

"You're so changed," she murmured.

"I—I thought my friend, Dr. Deon, did a very good job with what was left of my face," he said quietly.

"But your voice—is so changed," she repeated.

"Oh, you see, Xandra, so much has happened since that night on the house boat, I can understand you think I've—I've changed."

"I'm going to take you back to London," she told him.

The man controlled the start the announcement gave him.

"Oh, Xandra dear, I'm in no condition to go anywhere for a long time."

She turned to Dr. Deon.

"It's quite all right for Sir John to return with me to London tonight, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's all right," the surgeon told her, "although I think he should remain here for a while. He needs rest and quiet. His nerves—"

"He can rest quietly in England with his friends," she returned, "I feel I must overrule you both and take him home with me."

The man's puzzled gaze wandered from the girl's pale face to that of the surgeon as if seeking help there, but the latter's eyes were noncommittal.

"Well—perhaps that's best, Xandra," he consented. "Would you mind if I spoke to the doctor for just a moment, please?" With a slight nod, she quietly left the room. The moment the door had closed upon her, the man turned to the surgeon and explained helplessly, "Listen—I can't go through with this. That woman outside thinks I am her husband."

"Aren't you?" the doctor asked gravely.

"John, who are you?"
"Just a fellow who fell in love."

"No, no. This isn't my face—it never was," the other returned quickly.

"But the locket?"

"I carried that as a good luck piece. It belongs to—some one else." Dr. Deon held out his hand.

"I'm glad to hear you say that. I hoped you'd be honest about it."

The man looked bewildered.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Dakin Borrelles," the surgeon answered quietly. "But it's that woman we must protect. What are you planning to do?"

"I don't know," Dakin returned desperately. "The only thing I can think of at this moment is that I'd better start off for London with her, then leave the train and disappear."

"Where will you go?"

"I don't know—anywhere but England."

"I've only your word," Deon began.

"My word doesn't mean a thing," Dakin interrupted. "It's a case of self preservation with me."

"That's just what I was counting on," the surgeon returned. "I've seen the war do strange things to many people," he added thoughtfully.

"What are you going to do with me?" Barrolles asked.

"I'm going to give another chance to a soldier of great courage," the other returned quietly, then opened the door and addressed Xandra, "Madam, your husband will be able to leave with you tonight."

DURING the trip to the station, Xandra's eyes searched her companion's face whenever his attention was attracted by the passing scenery. He was finer looking, now that there were no lines of dissipation, but this was not the only change she sensed. There was a certain calmness about him that had not been a part of the Sir John Lasher she had married. On the train he was quietly solicitous for her welfare. When he had made sure that she would be comfortable for the night, he started to leave her drawing-room with the announcement:

"Well, I—you see, I'm getting off at the next station." She glanced up at him in alarm. "Oh—just—just to send a telegram," he hastened to assure her. He bent over to arrange a pillow under her head. "You don't seem very happy to have me back with you," he remarked.

"Oh, don't mind me too much," she apologized. "I'm just tired and confused tonight. Tomorrow everything will be different."

"Yes, yes," he repeated slowly, "tomorrow everything will be different."

The train was nearing the next station now and with a final "Good night," he closed the door of Xandra's compartment and hurried to his own to collect his baggage. He had just stepped from the train when an oncoming express sped passed the defective signal and crashed headlong into the other line of cars, hurtling them off the track. Everything forgotten but Xandra's safety, Dakin rushed down the track and rescued her from beneath a pile of wreckage. She was uninjured, except for a few minor bruises, but she was badly shaken and Dakin insisted that they stay over for a few days at the little French village to give her time to recover from the nervous shock before returning to London.

THOSE days were ones during which Xandra marveled more and more over the new husband the War had returned to her. Never obtrusive, never annoying

(*Continued on page* 24)

If environment counts for anything, we are beholding four prospective stars of the all-barkies in this litter of setter pups Edwina Booth is holding in her arms. Edwina has recuperated from a long illness brought on by African fevers contracted while filming "Trader Horn" in which she was the heroine.

WHILE youth has always been the cry of the picture producers, any age, backed by what the public wants for its money, is bound to get to the top. This week a player who is approaching the three-score mark had her name festooned above the marquee of the Cathay Circle Theatre and knew that the audience had paid five dollars a seat for the premiere of her picture. The player thus honored is Marie Dressler who, step by step, has been climbing up the ladder of cinema fame to the reward that is so justly hers. Thirty years ago Marie was touring the country with road companies, weathering the uncertainties of theatrical engagements, playing all the "opery" houses on the map. During part of this time, she was accompanied by an invalid husband who, for ten years before he passed away, was unable to walk. It is difficult enough to take care of an invalid in a home with the wherewithal provided by a third party. Can you imagine what it is on the road where early-morning trains must be caught, where suitable hotel accommodations must be found, a thing that often stumps a thoroughly healthy person traveling alone? It is no wonder that today this woman can move her audience to tears for she knows life, not as it is acted but as it is lived. The wonder is that she can make

Even her most ardent admirers did not realize how ravishingly beautiful Nancy Carroll is until she made a personal appearance at the New York and Brooklyn Paramount Theatres with the able assistance of Rudy Vallee.

That's That

them rock in their seats with mirth. Laughter with a tear behind it, smiles that are misted in pathos—that is true art. Charlie Chaplin has it. It is the reason why Marie Dressler's name is now in electric lights. Her "Tillie's Punctured Romance" convulsed audiences some years ago; "Min and Bill," her new release, tears at the heartstrings.

* * *

BUDDY ROGERS and his mother have returned from their vacation jaunt abroad. Of course, they had a wonderful time, with Rogers fans hailing the handsome young star wherever they went. Buddy is now at work on his next picture with more vim and vigor than ever as a result of his rest.

* * *

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, who deserted a writing career to become an actor, is now writing again, contributing a series of short stories to a popular magazine as a sideline to his histrionic duties.

* * *

WILLIAM HAINES' hobby for collecting rare porcelains and antiques has taken a practical turn. He has now opened an antique shop in Hollywood, associating himself with an importing firm.

* * *

ADOLPHE MENJOU, who plays the governor in "New Moon" with Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore, is one of the best linguists on the screen. He speaks English, French, Spanish, German and Italian fluently. He recently made a radio address in all of these languages at one broadcast.

* * *

FEW celebrities of the screen ever dreamed, when planning their future careers, of this particular line of human endeavor. Most of them anticipated, and prepared themselves for, vastly different occupations. Ramon Novarro, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, for instance, studied for Grand Opera and hoped to win fame in this field, as also did Ernest Torrence, music student at London and Stuttgart, who actually won the

By

RUTH RAND

The peculiar lure that is Constance Bennett's is very much to the fore in the star's new release, "Sin Takes a Holiday," Pathé. Kenneth MacKenna looks as if he finds this lure very alluring. Yes?

London Royal Academy opera prize. A vivid contrast is Charles Bickford, hero of "Dynamite" and "The Passion Flower". Bickford studied civil engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, then got his chance on the stage and thus into films. Buster Keaton wanted to be a marine engineer and actually won his government license on a Great Lakes steamer. Harry Carey studied law and was graduated from New York University, and Adolphe Menjou also studied law in college. Both reached films via the stage. Lewis Stone was an army officer and still holds his commission as major in the reserves. William Blakewell went through military school and was destined for West Point but could not survive a physical examination. John Mack Brown majored in law at the University of Alabama and was a star football player, which, by a queer turn, catapulted him to screen fame. Lawrence Tibbett's aim as a youth was to be a dramatic actor. Discovery of his voice changed that. William Haines started his career in a bond house and expected to be a business man.

* * *

BUSTER, hero of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's barkie comedies, is the proud father of a litter of puppies, one so identical to himself that he is being trained to take his father's place later on.

* * *

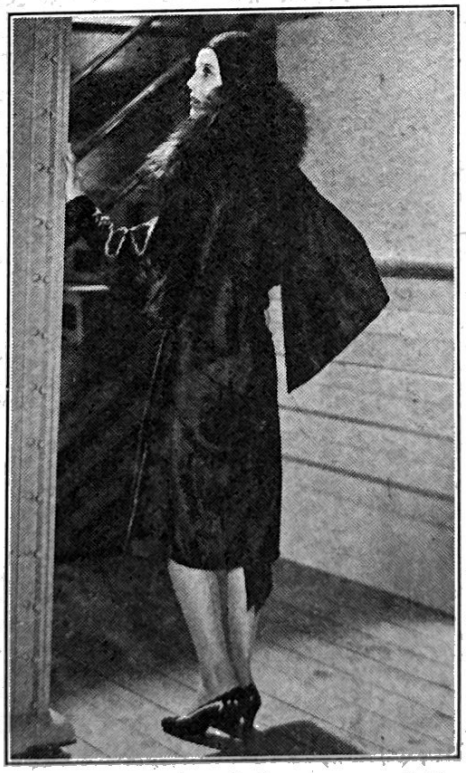
IT'S funny—but natural—how we associate screen personalities with the parts they play. This department always thought Charlie Murray was an Irishman until informed recently that he was born in Laurel, Indiana, of Scotch parents.

* * *

Richard Dix was recently made a member of the Kaw Indian tribe and given the name, Gawani Oweri, which means Big Heart. This was in recognition of his true characterizations of the Indians and the courtesy he has always shown to those who have played in his pictures.

* * *

COLLEEN MOORE has gone to Battle Creek Sanitarium for a complete rest. She says she is not ill but just tired out. You know, Colleen has been on tour in "Cindy", her first stage play which closed before it had a New York showing. This little star found quite a difference between the stage and the screen as did Theda Bara some years back. It is much easier for a player from the legitimate stage to accommodate himself to the technique of the screen than vice versa.



Some years ago angel sleeves were all the rage. They are in vogue again with a vengeance, extending even to fur coats as illustrated by Loretta Young, First National's bright star.

* * *

"YOU can't be successful in pictures without a hobby."

Cecil B. DeMille, pioneer film producer, made this startling statement in a recent conversation. Pressed for an explanation, he said:

"Hobbies are sign-posts of memory. If you are making some sort of definite collection or collections, your memory is very keen as to your acquisitions. Whenever you see some object bought years before, therefore, your memory goes back to that time and hooks onto some almost forgotten fact or idea, which becomes immediately available.

"Nearly ten years ago, for example, I acquired a musket loading rifle, found way back in China in a district where the people were Christian, a century before Christian missionaries penetrated that far. The whole story of Christ is told in silver relief on the barrel. My interest in that rifle undoubtedly helped to crystallize my resolve to make 'The King of Kings'."

(Continued on page 16)

Billy the Kid

By JEAN PENNINGTON

BEHIND a door marked, "Colonel Donovan—Notary Public—Justice of the Peace—Postmaster—Sheriff," a large red-faced man sat at a desk, ruminating on the news that has just been brought him.

So they were coming again, another lot trying to find better grazing ground, trying to break in on his domain! Well, he'd show them! He laughed and strode over to the window. The wagon train was just drawing up in front of the entrance to the combined saloon and general store. Two men stepped out of the surrey in the lead. Donovan studied them. The one in his shirt sleeves was obviously a frontiersman. But what the devil was the other? Knickers, a checkered cap and a bulldog pipe! Maybe he wore corsets underneath. Donovan laughed again. Well, these boobs would be easy to get rid of.

He had seated himself at the desk again when Nooky, the Indian hag, brought the two men in. Donovan wasted no words.

"What do you gents want in the Pecos country? I own it all, so you have to ask me."

The newcomers exchanged glances. The one in his shirt sleeves spoke first.

"My name's McSween. This is Mr. Tunston. You're Donovan, I gather."

Donovan picked up a piece of wood out of which he had started to whittle a cane.

"You gather right. What do you want on my land?"

McSween's eyes narrowed.

"I thought it was largely public domain and still open to settlement," he said.

"Many men have thought that," Donovan replied, picking a shred of tobacco from between his teeth. "Their bones are bleaching in river beds from here to Rio Grande."

Tunston smiled.

"My word! I shall have to look after my bones."

This tickled Donovan.

"No," he said. "We've got a closed season here on women, Englishmen and children. But let's come to the point." He glanced toward the window. "Is that your stock out there? Have you brought them here for sale or do you wish to have them all disappear, one by one?"

McSween frowned.

"They are not for sale," he said quietly, "and we have no intention of permitting them to disappear."

Donovan's face looked as sharp as a razor blade.

"Unfortunately such seems to be the habit of cattle in this country."

"My word! You're rather a baron, aren't you?" Tunston remarked lightly.

Donovan looked up from his whittling.

"Sure, lots of it. I am the law."

"We're thinking of settling here," Tunston continued. Donovan smiled at this naive challenge. He stood up with an air of ending the interview.

"Go on down—have a drink on me," he said. "Don't think it over—just decide to move farther on West."

The two men looked at each other in amazement at this ultimatum. The threat was unmistakable.

Donovan walked over to the window again and stood with his back to the others.

"Good day, gents," he said over his shoulder.

McSween and Tunston hesitated a second, then turned around and walked out.

"I'M only a poor cattle thief
And I know I done wrong,"

Santiago hummed softly as he piled more wood on the fire. In the dusk, the indistinct figure of Grant could be seen moving about among the cattle. Slowly the sun loomed up over the hills. Santiago looked toward a man lying wrapped in a blanket a short distance from the fire.

"Hey, Billy," he called, "it's maybe eight o'clock or half-past six. Get up." There was not a move out of the sleeper. Grant went over to the fire with a slab of bacon in one hand and a frying pan in the other. Santiago called over to him, "Maybe I build a fire under him, too."

Grant grinned, holding up a slice of bacon.

"'Twon't be necessary, Santiago, when he gets a sniff of this supreme, select, corn-fed, sugar-cured Texas bacon."

Tossing the slices into the pan, which he had placed over the fire, he glanced at the sleeper. The bacon had no sooner started sizzling than the latter emerged from his blanket and sat up, sniffing the air.

"How'd you know I wanted bacon for breakfast?" Billy the Kid asked as he went over to Grant.

"This is my bacon," the latter answered. "You ate the last of yours yesterday."

The justice of this remark didn't seem to disturb the late sleeper.

"Let's eat the last of yours now," he suggested brightly.

Grant shook the pan so that the bacon flopped over.

"I'll sell you half interest for a dollar," he said.

"I'll shoot you for it," came the reply.

Grant was game. Using a small rock as a target, he fired six times, hitting the rock four times. Billy hit it five times and rolled it over with the sixth shot.

"That means half the bacon's mine," he laughed.

Suddenly a fusillade of shots rent the air, followed by the sound of galloping hoofs. The three men rushed for their horses, but too late. Grant was shot before he had gone sixty yards. Santiago was covered by three guns. It looked as though Billy would get away when his horse stumbled, throwing him about ten yards and knocking his guns from their holsters. The game was up.

The posse was headed by Tunston and Brewer, his foreman. They lined Santiago and Billy up before the fire. Santiago was crying and murmuring a prayer to himself in Spanish, but you couldn't get a rise out of Billy.

"Howdy, Billy? How's the cattle-stealing business?" some one asked him.

"I'll bite. How is it?" he answered.

This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation of the story by Walter Noble Burns. Wanda Tuchock wrote the scenario and King Vidor directed, with John Mack Brown appearing as Billy, Wallace Beery as Garrett, Kay Johnson as Claire, Karl Dane as Swenson, Wyndham Standing as Tunston, Russell Simpson as McSween, Blanche Frederici as Mrs. McSween, Roscoe Ates as Old Stuff, Warner P. Richmond as Ballinger, James Marcus as Donovan, Nelson McDowell as Hatfield, Jack Carlyle as Brewer, John Beck as Butterworth, Marguerita Padula as Nicky Whoosiz and Aggie Herring as Mrs. Hatfield.

At the reception, Billy met Claire Graves, who had come all the way from England to marry Tunston.

"They say sometimes it chafes a man's neck," Brewer commented, starting to loop a latigo.

Billy felt his neck.

"Well, now you don't say."

"Where are his guns?" Tunston asked.

Brewer chuckled.

"If he had 'em on, do you think I'd be standing here? I'd be a mile off and still going."

"Why? Can he shoot?" Tunston persisted.

Brewer shrugged his shoulders.

"Shoot? He's murder as far as he can see you."

Tunston glanced at Billy with respect. That young kid, he thought. Didn't look more than about twenty years old. Nice-looking kid, too! Had an honest face. What the devil brought him into this messy business. He walked over to him.

"Who hired you to steal my cattle?"

Billy grinned.

"Can't tell you that, mister," he said.

Tunston turned to Brewer.

"How do you know he's in the Donovan outfit?"

"Everybody knows that, Mr. Tunston," Brewer replied. "Name's Billy the Kid."

"I see," Tunston said, and turned to Billy again. "Well, you chaps have been stealing my cattle long enough, young fellow."

Billy nodded.

"So I figured, governor."

Tunston looked at him curiously. Was the fellow play-acting or was he really as cool as he looked?

"I don't believe you care whether you hang or not."

"Well, a man can get used to hanging if he hangs long enough."

"What ever made you a cattle-rustler?" Tunston inquired.

One couldn't help being drawn to this cool-looking kid. It seemed a shame to hang him. But you couldn't get anything serious out of Billy.

"Here I am, practically dying," he said, "and you ask me riddles!"

"Are you working with the Donovan outfit?" Tunston persisted.

"Not any more," Billy replied. "I won't be much good to 'em in about five minutes." Two of the posse had brought Grant's body alongside the fire and covered it with a blanket. "Tough on Grant, wasn't it?" he commented. "He's got a brother over in Los Crucez that you ought to write about this.

Tunston looked at the blanket-covered body regretfully.

"It's a pity—a pity," he murmured, "and to hang this one—" Suddenly he came to a decision. "Brewer," he called. The two men stood apart from the others and held a whispered consultation. When they came back, Tunston was smiling. "Look here, young fellow," he said to Billy, "suppose I give you a chance, will you take it?"

Billy flashed a row of white, glistening teeth.

"I always take anything that ain't nailed down," he said.

"Be serious," Tunston ordered.

"Why be serious?" Billy asked. "It's just a little hanging, ain't it?"

"I know there's stuff in you, my boy," Tunston began.

"Mostly bacon, governor," Billy interrupted, looking at the frying pan. There was a pause, but no one laughed. "What are we all standing around for?" the boy continued. "Let's get this over with."

But Tunston disregarded him.

"Men, this is going to be my first act toward starting a peaceful community," he said, taking the rope from Billy's neck. "I guess you aren't going to need this."

Billy put his hand out.

"You give me back my rope. I'll catch cold."

"From now on, you're working for me, young fellow," Tunston continued. "Thirty dollars a month—regular hand."

A look of amazement spread over Billy's face. He could keep up his bravado in the face of defiance, but being treated decently in a position like this was a new one on him.

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"I mean it all right," Tunston replied, "and the Mexican can work for me, too, if he wants to."

"Do you hear this, Santiago?" Billy turned to him. "They ain't gonna hang us!" Santiago sank to his knees in sheer relief. It was only when Tunston untied his

hands that the full force of his beneficence hit Billy. That guy was white, all right! He turned to the posse. "Listen to me. I'm square. I'm for this gent"—motioning to Tunston—"from now on because he's got it coming."

"You'd better mean it," Brewer cautioned, handing him his cartridge belt.

"Thanks," said Billy. "You ain't got a Spanish omelette in your pockets, have you, or maybe a pot of coffee?"

Everyone laughed.

"Let's get back to the house and maybe we can get Mrs. McSween to dig us up a batch of her famous ham and eggs," Tunston suggested gaily.

The tension was over. They were all friends now.

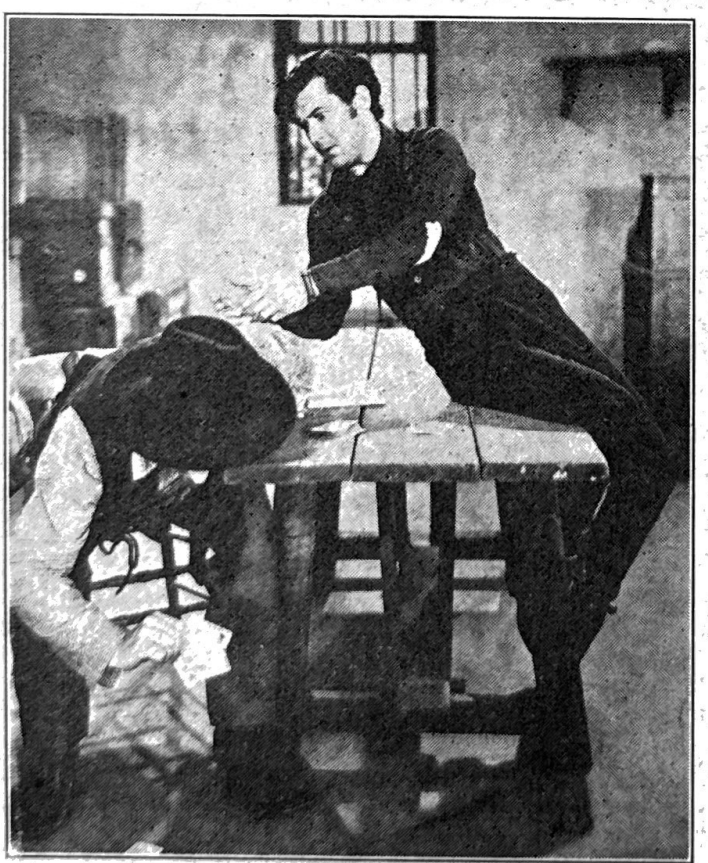
IT was not long before Billy the Kid found an opportunity to prove his loyalty to the man who had spared his life. Rumors had been floating around to the effect that Grant's brother in Los Crucez had sworn to avenge the death of his kin and was on the lookout for Tunston. The man, however, failed to show up and nothing more was thought of the threat until the night of Mr. and Mrs. McSween's reception.

The reception was in honor of Miss Claire Graves, who had come all the way from England to marry Tunston. She was tall, blonde and very beautiful. Everyone was introduced to her and then they all sat down to a big feed. Billy the Kid grew to know her better after dinner when he helped her dry the dishes while Mrs. McSween entertained the others in the living-room with piano selections.

Billy and Claire had both picked up the same platter and were undecided as to which one should dry it.

"Let's both dry it," Billy suggested. "You know the old proverb, 'Dry together, friends forever'."

Claire laughed.



"Look at me. I dropped my ace."

"Mrs. McSween told me that you are the most dangerous man in this country, but, if you are, I think it must be pretty safe."

"Don't you pay any attention to Mrs. McSween." Unknowingly they kept on drying the same platter.

"Everything is so strange here," Claire continued. "I never know when people are jesting."

Billy vigorously polished his end of the dish.

"Don't you let them scare you."

"I think I was a little frightened at first," Claire admitted with a smile, "but everybody's so friendly and they all seem to like Mr. Tunston so much. You're Jack's friend, aren't you?"

Bill's face reassured her, even without his answer:

"He's the best man ever come to this country, ma'am, and the best friend I ever had. If they were all like him, there wouldn't be any trouble."

Claire held out her hand.

"Then we'll be friends, too."

Billy's fingers closed about hers.

"Miss Claire, if I've got anything to say about it, we surely will." Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Brewer, who had a worried expression on his face. "What's wrong?" Billy asked. "Have they chased you out with their singing?"

"Can I see you a minute, Billy?" Brewer returned, taking him by the arm and walking into the hall.

"What's up?" Billy asked.

"It's Grant's brother. He's walking up and down in front of the saloon saying that Tunston killed his brother in a rustler's fight and he's going to shoot it out with him the minute he comes out of this door."

A grim look crept over Billy's face.

"He is, eh?" he said. "Well, we'll just have to look into that."

THE death of Grant's brother at the hands of Billy resulted in grave consequences. It was the first act in a bitter war between the two factions, Tunston's and McSween's supporters and Donovan's followers. Donovan's henchmen made the next move when they killed Tunston in cold blood on his wedding day. Billy, McSween and a few others had accompanied him in a six-seater surrey from his ranch house to McSween's place, where the wedding was to take place, when Donovan and his posse came upon them unexpectedly. The men dodged behind rocks and opened fire, but Tunston's horses reared and dragged the buggy straight for the oncoming posse. Two of Donovan's Mexicans rode alongside the buggy and, getting into close range, deliberately fired to kill. By the time Billy and McSween had reached Tunston, the posse had made its getaway.

The two picked up the murdered man, who had fallen from the buggy. Billy looked at McSween, his eyes two narrow slits.

"Before I die," he said slowly, "I'm going to shoot down those Mexicans like the dogs they are."

And he kept his word. That same night, he went to Donovan's saloon with seven of McSween's men. The place was crowded. Some of the men were lined up at the long bar; others were grouped around the pot-bellied stove in the center of the room. The rest were at tables, playing blackjack.

When the Kid and his crowd entered the room, a dead silence fell over the place. The men at the bar moved off and Billy's men took their places.

"Whisky, gents?" the bartender asked, almost in a whisper.

The men nodded silently, stringing themselves out along the bar so as to give every man elbow room. While they drank, the Kid walked casually around the saloon, looking into every man's face in search of the Mexicans. Neither of them was to be seen. When he reached the stairs that led to Donovan's office, he saw the door at the top open and the Mexicans walk out of the office. Without a word, he raised his gun and shot them both. A murmur crept over the room, but the men at the bar had every one covered.

Slowly they walked out of the room under the protection of Billy's gun, the one farthest in the room going first, walking back of the men lined up at the bar. When Billy found himself the last, he made a quick jump out the door, slamming it behind him before leaping onto his horse.

ONCE back at McSween's house, the men got busy barricading the doors and windows. There was no time to be lost. Having killed two of Donovan's men, they knew what they were in for. Donovan and his hangers-on were probably on the way now. The Kid looked his men over. Just how many of them were there? McSween, Santiago, Bowdre, O'Folliard, Brewer, Diego, Old Stuff Butterworth and Swenson—with himself that made nine. And Donovan's gang probably numbered thirty. Well, they'd have to make the best of it, slim as the chances were.

Mrs. McSween was taking it gamely enough. She hadn't spent half her life in the West for nothing. Calmly she went about her business of making coffee for the men. But Claire was hysterical. Donovan's men had surrounded the house now and were shooting from various vantage points. The room was filling with smoke. Claire tried to help Mrs. McSween serve the coffee, but with each shot her hand shook so that she could scarcely hold the cups. When a bullet grazed Diego's forehead, causing a smear of blood to ooze over his face, her nerves gave way.

"I can't stand it!" she screamed. "Make them stop—assassins—murderers, bestial—You're a murderer! They're murderers! I won't go through with it! I'll rush out there and stop it! People don't live like that! People are civilized! You're all beasts!" She turned to Billy wildly. "You brought all this on us when you went out of the kitchen and shot that man, Grant—just because you had to show off—you—you——" She became incoherent.

Billy took her arm gently and led her to a chair.

"Don't! Don't! You can't do this, Miss Claire! Poor thing—a widow before being a bride! Sit down here behind the piano. You ain't had nothing to eat in a long while, working, feeding all us bums. If you have any regard for me, you'll drink this coffee. You're safe here—no bullets can get through that mattress." Quietly he rubbed her palms while she laid her head against the back of the chair and closed her eyes. "Just rest a while. You'll be all right."

Pulling a white handkerchief from his pocket, he went to the door. Santiago looked at him in amazement.

"Son of a gun—you want to be killed?"

Opening the door wide, Billy waved his handkerchief.

"You give up, Billy?" a voice rang out.

"No," Billy called back, "but I want to let the ladies go out." He beckoned to Mrs. McSween and Claire. "Come on, ladies."

When they reached the door, Claire turned to him.

"I'm sorry I blew up that way," she said.

Billy realized that Claire was the only thing in the world that meant anything to him.

Billy smiled. He could forgive anything Claire did.

"That's all right. This is no place for you."

"It's really not like me," Claire continued. "I don't want you to think I'm that way. I know that in my heart I can be strong just as you are. I want to tell you now that I know you have more nerve and courage than all the others."

"Thanks," the Kid replied, pushing her through the door after Mrs. McSween. "You'd better go now and we'll come after you later."

THE shooting continued without let-up throughout the day. By sundown the Kid's men were exhausted. They took turns catching a little sleep, but the opposing force seemed tireless. The Kid stood intently by his loophole, still smiling, though his mouth was blistered and his hands red and cramped. He had kicked his boots off and most of his clothes were open. He glanced at Old Stuff, who was standing at his loophole in a pitiable condition, barefooted and choking.

"I once knew a fine recipe for making red lemonade, Old Stuff, but I ain't made it since I was a little boy."

Old Stuff winced.

"I wish you was a little boy again, Billy."

Santiago came over to the Kid.

"Son of a gun, if I had some lemons and sugar and some water, I would squeeze the lemons into the sugar and then I would take the water——"

"And maybe take three or four hundred drinks in your big, black hat, eh?" added Old Stuff.

"THE shack is afire again, Billy!" Brewer called out.

"How'd they git back here again?" O'Folliard asked.

"Didn't," Brewer answered. "Just crawled up the watercourse and threw oil rags again."

"It's death to put it out again," O'Folliard commented, "but we've got to have water in here, anyway. If the Kid'll stand to the door and cover me, I'll dash for the water barrel in the yard and try to kill the fire at the same time."

(*Continued on page 22*)

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (REVIEWED)

Three-Generations and Cradle-to-Grave Plots —Not for You.

WHY do so many of you choose plots that come under the head of those mentioned in this title?

In the first place, a play dealing with three generations can, in the nature of things, deal only very sparingly with each generation, not devoting enough footage to any set of characters to awaken very deep interest. As to the second type, the "cradle-to-grave" play, as I call it, this usually requires three different actors of three different ages to represent each of the principal characters and is not only difficult to cast but cuts down the part of the screen star who plays the rôle at maturity.

I know you will all think of conspicuous successes of both types that have been filmed, but they were plays that had had considerable vogue either on the speaking stage or in novel form, weren't they? You see, I am speaking of values from the standpoint of the novice playwright. For him or her, it seems to me that the play dealing with the happenings during a short space of time is not only more likely to prove a winner but should be much easier to write.

If you use three generations, you have to devote much time and thought to develop properly the inherited characteristics of the later ones. This same is true when you start your characters in the cradle and bring them on through life to the verge of the grave. And this prolonged character development isn't likely to strike any company very favorably unless it is accompanied by publicity accruing to it from previous presentation to the people in the form of stage play or novel.

It seems to me that your script is much more likely to receive favorable attention if the action takes place during a short time. You then have only one period of life to consider and it will be much easier for you to draw your characters and will then give you a chance to pay more attention to the situations in your drama.

I am not trying to discourage anyone who thinks he has an "epic of the screen" ready to spring on the unsuspecting producer but mean just to remind any such reader that these so-called "epics of the screen" are usually made from "best-sellers" or "longest runs".

And it isn't well to depend upon an earthquake or a forest-fire or a flood to carry your play to success. Such events are all right to use but, in the long run, you will have to depend upon your characters themselves and their emotions and actions to make your play a winner.

Concentrate upon making the emotions appealing and the situations thrilling from an emotional standpoint. If you will think over the screen plays that have remained longest in your memory, I think you will realize that they are the ones that pulled at your heart-strings rather than those that left you gasping at some hair-raising exploit. Isn't this true? Isn't it heart appeal that interests you most in a screen play and that stays longest in your memory?

Of course, if you are writing your play for some screen star who specializes in "stunts", the above won't apply to your particular case. But I am considering many novice screen playwrights who are thinking of the play they are writing with the plot alone in mind and with no particular actors mentally cast for the characters. If some of these will pay a little more attention to the human side of their synopses, so as to describe the emotions of their characters in a manner that will, so to speak, get under the skin of a hard-boiled scenario reader, they'll do better than by using so much of their space in describing natural catastrophes such as the earthquake, the forest-fire or the flood.

I don't mean that these may not form a feature of your plot, but I do mean that, after mentioning them, you can safely leave the spectacular description to the imagination of the director and that will give you an opportunity to use your powers of description on your characters and your situations.

And, in connection with the subject of these few words, that of using too many years in your story, it might be well to say that too many characters in your plot will have the same effect, that of dividing the interest too much and not giving a chance to concentrate on the principals.

To my mind, but I do not mean to be dogmatic about it, the novice stands his best chance with a plot employing only a few characters and taking place during a moderately short period of time.

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That's That

(*Continued from page* 11)

It has become an old story for stars to have their noses remodeled. Now they seem to be doing the same thing with their voices. Take Pauline Garon for instance. She used to have a deep voice, really too deep for her size. Now, in the short, "Parlez-Vous," it seems entirely changed. Rumor has it that Pauline and her ex, Lowell Sherman, will be cast opposite each other in a picture. All that will be needed to complete the triangle is Lowell's present, Helene Costello. Well, the picture business is no respector of family complications. Both Helene and Sister Dolores seem to have deserted the films for matrimony. But this desertion will probably not be permanent. It seldom is.

* * *

LEWIS STONE and his bride will begin their marital life in his new three-acre estate in San Fernando Valley. The valley residence is now ready for occupancy and boasts stables, riding ring, swimming pool and tennis courts in addition to extensive gardens and orchards.

(*Continued on page* 20)

Lives of the Great

By HAROLD DAVIS EMERSON

Fay is the heroine of Columbia's latest story of the air, "Dirigible," which again brings together that team of buddies, Ralph Graves and Jack Holt.

AT one time, when a husband or wife became famous, the other member to the marriage partnership faded away in the background. Today, all that has changed and we frequently find husband and wife vying for honors. We have the striking examples of Barbara Stanwyck and her husband Frank Fay and the Costello-Barrymore union as contrasted with the old days when Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Leslie Carter were at their heights and nobody knew anything about Mr. Campbell or Mr. Carter.

Perhaps one of the most interesting marriage partnerships is that of Fay Wray, who has the leading feminine rôle opposite Jack Holt and Ralph Graves in Columbia's "Dirigible", and her husband, John Monk Saunders, author of "Wings" and "Dawn Patrol".

Fay first saw the light of day in Alberta, Canada. From her earliest childhood this attractive, brown-haired, blue-eyed girl displayed a marked talent for the stage. She was a natural mimic and would entertain her friends by the hour with her imitations. Although she said little about her ambition, she secretly resolved to have a career on the stage or in pictures. She distinguished herself early in life by being a go-getter and proving she could achieve her ends. Her father was an inventor and Fay inherited his ability to blaze new trails and work things out for herself.

From her earliest childhood, Fay Wray was a born mimic and entertained her friends by the hour with her imitations.

While still a small child, she moved with her parents to Utah where she received her first schooling and later put on finishing touches in Hollywood. Being in the film capital was a decided asset. She was on the field of action and she determined to take advantage of that fact.

Her first experience was obtained in amateur school theatricals and, even in those days, her fellow students and teachers predicted that, should she turn her talents to the screen or stage, she would meet with success. Encouraged by praise and suggestion and filled with ambition to make good, she obtained her first professional rôle in the pilgrimage play. It was a bit, but it demonstrated her ability and, at the age of seventeen, we discover her as leading woman in a Century Comedy. This marked the beginning of her successful screen career. Eric Von Stroheim saw her possibilities and gave her an important rôle in "The Wedding March." Critics and public acclaimed her work in that production and almost overnight the talented young lady found herself a star of the first magnitude. Then followed a series of achievements which increased her laurels and won for her an enviable following among motion picture fans. Among the list of productions in which she climbed the ladder of success were "Legion of the Condemned", "Thunderbolt", and "Four Feathers".

Columbia Pictures first engaged Fay for the leading feminine rôle in one of its first all-talking short subjects known as Columbia-Victor Gems. In this she appeared opposite Frank Crumit. It was a screen version of the famous ballad, "The Gay Caballero". Following that, she appeared in "The Sea God" and "The Texan".

Although she always desired to play in an aviation picture and in

(*Continued on page 22*)

"It's my first kiss I've got against you. It's that Nina Micheltorena I can't forgive."

Girl of the

By ROSEMARY

(Minnie, known as The Girl to the miners of Cloudy, a little town in California, ran The Polka, a saloon and gambling house left to her by her father. She was adored by all the men in the camp, especially by the sheriff, Jack Rance, who never gave up urging her to become his wife. But in The Girl's heart was the image of a handsome, smiling young man she had met when she was returning from a trip to Sacramento. Then into The Polka one day came a stranger who introduced himself as Mr. Johnson of Sacramento. At the same time, Bill Ashby of the Wells Fargo visited the camp in search of a road agent known as Ramerrez whom Nina Micheltorena, a woman over at the Ridge known to all the miners for miles around, said had ridden that way. Sheriff Jack Rance was suspicious of every stranger who entered The Polka especially of the newcomer because of The Girl's evident interest in him. He demanded to know what business brought him to The Polka but The Girl vouched for the stranger, claiming that she had known him before. When The Polka closed for the night, she invited him to her cabin up the trail for supper. Against his better judgment, he accepted the invitation and, before the evening was over, The Girl had promised to become his wife. Cloudy was now in the throes of a blinding mountain blizzard and The Girl would not hear of his leaving that night. She made him occupy her bed, while she curled up in her blanket on the floor in front of the fire. Meanwhile, at The Polka, some of the men recognized the picture of Ramerrez Ashby had with him as that of the stranger who had introduced himself as Mr. Johnson of Sacramento. Then Sid, branded through the camp as a card cheat, who had reason to wish to get even with The Girl, announced that he had seen the hunted road agent going up the trail to her cabin.)

This is an adaptation of First National Pictures' screen presentation of David Belasco's stage success. John Francis Dillon directed, with Ann Harding appearing as Minnie, James Rennie as Dick Johnson, Harry Bannister as Jack Rance, Ben Hendricks, Jr., as Handsome Charlie, J. Farrell MacDonald as Sonora Slim, George Cooper as Trinidad Joe, Johnnie Walker as Nick, Richard Carlisle as Jim Larkins, Arthur Stone as Joe Castro and Arthur Housman as Sidney Dick.

A HUSHED stillness reigned in The Girl's cabin, accentuating the fury of the storm that beat against the windows and howled around the corners of the little pine shack. Curled up in a blanket before the open fire place, The Girl lay staring into the flames, visioning the future that was opening before her. Then she turned her head and called softly to the curtain-enclosed bunk at the other side of the room:

"Say, what's your first name?"

"Dick," the man answered in a voice that showed he, too, had not thought of sleep.

""Dick," she repeated tenderly.

Then above the roaring of the elements came a weird sound from down the trail.

"What was that?" the man asked, startled into action.

"Somebody's callin'. Who can it be?" She leaned on her elbow and listened attentively. "Why, that's Nick's voice!"

"Wait!" Johnson cautioned, springing to his feet.

"Minnie! Minnie!" came the call, drawing nearer and nearer.

"Don't answer," Johnson warned. "You can't let anyone come in here. They wouldn't understand."

"Minnie!" Nick was at the door now.

"Are you all right, Girl?" came Sonora's voice.

"Yes, I'm all right, Sonora," she called, then in a whisper to Johnson, "Jack Rance is out there. I recognized his voice. If he was to see you in here—he's that jealous—I'd be afraid of him."

"Minnie, open the door," Rance commanded at that moment.

"Oh, I've got to let him in," she whispered, motioning to the man to draw the curtains. "Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" she directed Rance. "I'll put some clothes on." Then, with a hurried look about for any telltale signs, she took down the bar.

"Glad you're safe, Girl," Sonora greeted, hurrying over to the welcoming warmth of the crackling fire. "I'm about froze."

Minnie turned to Nick, her best friend among all the boys.

"What is this, Nick?" she asked. "What's goin' on?"

Before he could answer, Rance stepped forward.

"Takes you a long time to get dressed," he said. Then his eyes traveled over the heavy dressing-gown to where her night robe peeped out below. "You don't seem to have much on."

"Well, upon my word—" Minnie began, then Trinidad interrupted:

"We thought you was in trouble."

"Me—in trouble?" she laughed.

"This man, Johnson—" Rance began.

"Yes, the fella you was dancin' with," Sonora explained.

"We're told your friend, Johnson, is Ramerrez," the sheriff went on, watching the girl closely in order not to miss the effect his words produced. And Nick took advantage of his concentration to stoop, pick up a half-burned cigar from before the open fire place and slip it into his pocket.

"What did you say?" Minnie gasped.

"Are you deaf?" Rance asked sharply. "This fella

Golden West

LEE

you've been dancin' with—is the man who's been askin' people to hold up their hands."

Minnie thought it was some sort of joke the boys were playing on her.

"Go on, don't try to hand me out that!"

"You don't believe it yet, eh?"

"No, I don't believe it yet, eh," The Girl mocked. "I know he isn't."

"Well, he *is* Ramerrez." Rance appeared to take a peculiar delight in the announcement. "And he *did* come to The Polka to rob it."

"That's what gits me," Sonora put in, puzzled. "He didn't."

"I should think it *would* get you," Minnie agreed.

"Well, we've got his horse and, with this storm on, we've got him. The last seen of Johnson he was headin' this way. Have you seen anything of him?" Rance demanded.

"Why, no," Minnie replied.

The sheriff looked puzzled.

"The trail ends here. If she hasn't seen him, where was he goin'?"

Minnie eyed him searchingly.

"See here, Rance, how do you know this man is a road agent?"

"Well, two of his men just now were pretty positive about it," Sonora explained.

"And the woman knew him," Rance added. "She knew him."

A new glint came into The Girl's eyes.

"The woman? What woman?"

"Why, the woman at the Ridge," Rance told her.

Minnie's face went white. She scarcely dared to ask the question but she had to know.

"Nina Micheltorena? How does she know?"

"Why, she's his girl," the sheriff laughed.

Minnie's voice rose hysterically as she faced the drawn curtain and spoke for the benefit of the man hidden behind it:

"His girl! His girl! Nina Micheltorena! Ha, ha, ha! I'm sorry I vouched for him, Mr. Ashby. I suppose they had one of those little lovers' quarrels that made her tell you, eh? He's the kind that makes love to every girl he meets."

"Say, what're you laughin' at?" Rance asked in amazement.

The Girl's lips set in a hard straight line the boys had never seen before.

"Oh, nothin'—only it's kinda funny how things come out, isn't it? Taken in! Nina Micheltorena! Nice company he keeps! And she sold him out! She sold him out for money! Well, you're a better guesser than I am, Jack."

"Yeh," the sheriff muttered, with no idea what The Girl was talking about.

Minnie glanced up at the clock.

"It's kind of late, isn't it?" she suggested meaningly. Nick crossed to the door.

"Aw, come on, boys, let a lady go to bed," he urged.

"Good night," The Girl said as she crossed the room after them.

When the others had started down the trail, Nick turned back.

Rance lifted his eyes from the crimson stain on his hand to the attic above—and he understood.

"You want me to stay, Girl?" he asked gently.

She put her hand on his arm affectionately.

"No, I'm all right. Thank you, Nick," she said. She closed the door and stood listening to the crunching of the snow under the heavy boots, growing fainter and fainter in the distance, then she called, "Come out of there, come out." The man drew back the curtain. "You came up here to rob me," she accused.

He stepped forward eagerly, his hand outstretched.

"I didn't," he denied. "I admit every circumstance points—"

"Oh, stop," she ordered heatedly. "If you didn't come up here to steal, you came to The Polka to rob me, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," he admitted, "but, when I found out it was you—"

But The Girl did not wish to hear any more.

"Oh, I oughta told the boys," she cried hysterically. Then her head went up with a proud toss. "But I wasn't goin' to let on I could be taken in. I wasn't goin' to be the joke of the world with you back o' that curtain! And me eatin' charlotte russes and lemon turnovers and dancin' with a thief! A thief! A thief! Now you get out o' here!"

"One word," Johnson pleaded, "only one word. It's all true—everything is true except that I would have stolen from you. I'm not going to say anything in my own defense. I *am* called Remarrez. I *am* a gambler, a thief and a swindler from birth. It was the only life I knew. But, so help me God, Girl, from the time I kissed you I meant to change, I meant to change. Oh, please believe that I did. I meant to come back and

take you away honestly when I could do it honestly. Now —well, I'm finished."

In Minnie's eyes anger and grief struggled for supremacy and her voice was husky with emotion as she said:

"Well, there's just one thing you overlooked to explain, Mr. Johnson. It shows exactly what you are. It wasn't so much you bein' a road agent I had against you. It's this: You kissed me. You kissed me. You got my first kiss. You've got a girl. It's that I got against you. It's my first kiss I got against you. It's that Nina Micheltorena I can't forgive. Now you can git and, if you kill yourself, I don't care—I don't care—I don't care." She turned away, shaken by a storm of weeping. The man quickly crossed the room, opened the door and stepped out into the raging blizzard. The next instant a shot rang out. The girl's sobs stopped for a moment, then, burying her face in her hands, she cried, "They got him. I don't care—I don't care!"

The next moment the man staggered back into the room, his face deathly white, his hand clasping his shoulder above the rapidly widening crimson stain. The Girl made a move to lift the bar back into its place but he arrested her.

"Don't—don't bar the door. I'm going out again, I'm going out. I won't hide behind a woman."

Quickly Minnie filled a glass from a bottle that stood on the table.

"Here, take this," she ordered, then, as returning footsteps came nearer and nearer the cabin, she rapidly lowered the ladder that led to the attic above and urged, "Go on up there."

"Oh, I can't," Johnson protested, turning once more to the door.

"Yes you can," she encouraged. "You don't want them to see you here in my cabin." She half dragged him to the foot of the ladder, murmuring as if to a sick child, "Yes, you can. You're the man I love. You've got to show me the man that's in you." A knock sounded on the door. "All right," she called. "Wait a minute, wait a minute." All this time she was pushing the man up the ladder. "What do you want now, Jack Rance?"

"No more Jack Rance," came the angry answer from the other side of the door. "It's the sheriff after Mr. Johnson."

The ladder was in place now and she hurried to let down the bar.

"Why, he couldn't get in here," she protested as Rance strode into the room. "The door's barred. Do you think I want to shield the man who tried to rob me? Wait a minute. If you doubt my word, go ahead and search the place." She paused a brief second, then added impressively, "But, if you do, that ends your acquaintance with The Polka and you can never speak to me again. We're through."

Rance hesitated. He had never seen The Girl so determined before and he knew she would never go back on her word.

"Say, I don't want to quarrel with you," he told her in a softer tone.

"Then let a lady to herself to get to bed," she smiled.

But Rance was still puzzled.

"I can't forget the queer expression you had on your face when I told you who that man really was. Say, you don't love him?" he asked suddenly.

"Who, me?" she repeated, trying to keep a hysterical sob from her voice.

"Was that answer tonight final about marryin' me?" he went on.

"Well I—I—might think it over, Jack," she said shyly.

"I love you—I love you."

He clasped her in his arms and pressed a passionate kiss on her trembling lips. The Girl wrenched herself free and sank to the floor, her face hidden in her trembling hands.

"Oh-oh-oh-!" she sobbed.

Rance stood looking down at her, an angry cloud darkening his face.

"I didn't think it was as bad as that," he muttered. "I'm much obliged. Good night." The Girl did not move. "Can't you even say good night?" he demanded sharply.

Minnie rose to her feet and followed him to the door.

"Yes, yes, good night," she said nervously, putting out her hand to meet his extended one.

He held it clasped in his, while his eyes searched her face, striving to solve her queer behavior. Then suddenly a drop of blood stained the back of his hand.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "That's blood!"

Her lowered eyes were wide with terror.

"Yes, I must have scratched it just now," she murmured. "I'm awfully sorry."

Rance took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped away the stain.

"There's no scratch there, not even a mark."

"Yes—but there will be in the mornin'," Minnie told him desperately. "You'll see it in the mornin'."

Rance's eyes were fixed on his hand when suddenly another spot of blood appeared and then another. Quickly he raised his eyes to the attic above and a light of understanding dawned.

"Oho, he's up there!" he cried, quickly drawing his gun from his pocket.

(To be Continued in Moving Picture Stories Dec. 23.)

That's That

(*Continued from page* 16)

WARNER BROTHERS and its associates, Brunswick dealers, this week donated a Thanksgiving gift which will bring cheer to many a man, woman and child. One hundred thousand dollars worth of fully equipped radio receivers was the gift and over 500 charitable institutions were the beneficiaries. It is difficult to estimate how many thousand people will be sending thought waves of gratitude to this company.

* * *

NORMA SHEARER has been given the annual award of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences for what this organization terms the best acting performance of the past season as a result of her characterization in "The Divorcee". Miss Shearer recently signed a new long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and will soon be seen in an adaptation of Ursula Parrott's novel, "Strangers May Kiss".

Frances Marion was awarded the prize for the best original story of the past season with her script for "The Big House". The M-G-M sound department was credited with the best technical work of the season with its sound reproduction for "The Big House".

Now that the talkies have become the rage, how many of us remember those first steps of the silent drama, the stars who were the idols of the infant industry? Harold Davis Emerson is an authority on the motion picture from its earliest beginning. He will recall those days with you starting in the next issue.

Helping Hearts Club

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O' Mine:

The nicest thing has happened to me. Judge Gustam, the announcer at Station WSGH, loves menageries, too, and he is helping me form Rosemary Lee's Young Defenders of America in an effort to band together all the young folks of the country to be kind to the earth's four-footers. There is a pledge card to be signed and a little button to be worn. I know all my pals will want to help in this movement, so send for your card today. Address your letter to Station WSGH, Fox Theatre Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

And, darlings, don't you read your Big Chief's column any more? A few issues ago I told you about the mix-up in the filing cabinets and asked you to send in your complete addresses, with pen name and real name, of course, marking this information for the Delayed Mail Department. I have just heaps of letters piled up. Pretty soon I'll have to sit out the window and let all the letters sit at the desk. Now be good darlings and send those names and addresses right away. If you don't, you'll break the heart of your

Rosemary Lee.

Dear Miss Lee:

Room for another Missourian? Fine! Thanks!

Wherever we come from, we're pretty much alike, aren't we? Big city, little village, Hollywood and Sunny California or the Sunny South, here or there, we're much alike. But we take such different ways of showing it, Miss Lee.

Your correspondents show one trait—or two— in common; friendliness, and, at first, loneliness. Let us hope the latter is past after the first letter.

Take Pea-Jal-Bee. Fine chap and an earnest one! But, Miss Lee, tell him please that slavery doesn't bring happiness, even though it brings success in the line of slavery. Time out, Pea-Jal-Bee. You're a professor now. Make a few friends, too—and not among your fellow professors. I'm an ex-principal. (Oh, how ex!)

A number look at your club as a chance for that peculiar—shall we say, light romance? Dimples C. of Missouri is a charming youngster, and is all "excite" at going to college. Soon she'll have her own personal friends and proxy friends, while interesting, will not be so vital.

Virginia of St. Louis! (These mid-west girls!) Sounds interesting! A college graduate? Twenty-two? Traveled? And wants to write to some others, helping to chase away their gloom and hers! Splendid! But why does she limit her correspondents to those thirty or over? Better be young with your own young people, Virginia. Why try to grow older?

I know. The young men are so frivolous. True! But you'd better be frivolous with them than lonely with middle-age. No, you're not expecting to marry your correspondent, but it shows your line of thought.

Miss Lee, I've seen only one copy of the M. P. S. and I find your column very interesting. Perhaps I might profit from it. So here goes: Twenty-eight, five feet eight, a hundred twenty-eight, brown hair and eyes and so on, college graduate, traveled some, south, west and east, ex-school teacher. (I reformed!)

I don't hit the thirty-mark, but Virginia of St. Louis might write to a Missourian. (See what I was driving at?)

Sincerely,

Old Mizzoo.

Cornell, Old Mizzoo, or just passing through?

"To those who shall sit here weeping,
To those who shall sit here rejoicing,
So have we done in our time."

Have I been away from the dear old campus too long to quote my favorite bench correctly? But, then, only my post-graduate days were spent there, my undergraduate years at a woman's college, conforming with the wishes of two adorably careful parents—and one just as adorably careful grandmother, bless them!

I don't think, Mizzoo, that a disposition leaning toward the frivolous is a matter of age. I know some chaps in their early twenties who have a keen sense of responsibility toward life in general, while I also know some over fifty who are the world's best playboys. However, I think young girls of a serious turn of mind naturally turn to older men for companionship. I know I did. I remember when I was at Cornell, my chief swimming and canoeing pal was a handsome athlete, a sophomore my own age, while I was a graduate student with a degree and everything. Finally, one moonlight night on the water, the handsome young man grew serious.

"Don't be silly, Jack," I told him. "Why, I'm old enough to be your mother." (I felt so, mentally).

A few years later I was spending my vacation from my newspaper at Glenwood. One morning he brought a pal of his down to meet me.

"This Rosemary is a peach of a girl," he told him on the way down. "I'd have an awful case on her myself—only she's old enough to be my mother."

The friend expected to see a nice little gray-haired lady with a lace cap and her knitting in her hands. Imagine his surprise when he was presented to a girl in a middy with hair flying in all directions and a tennis racket in her hand! Did it teach me a lesson? I'll say! Never since that fatal evening have I given vent to that mother gag.

And how right you are, Mizzoo! Why speed the years of youth with its courage, its joy, its sublime faith? Only too quickly will those days fly by without the least effort on our part.

Dear Rosemary:

I've been reading M. P. S. for some time so I thought I'd drop in and see if anyone would care to write to a lonesome nurse. Sounds funny, huh? But you see I'm in a strange city, over three thousand miles from home, and find it unbearably lonesome at times.

Am I good looking? Naw! Might pass with a good push. Brown curly hair, brown eyes, five foot six and three-quarters inches tall and real slender.

(Continued on page 27)

Lives of the Great

(*Continued from page* 17)

spite of the fact that her talented husband had written two of the outstanding screen stories of the air, Fay was not given an opportunity to satisfy her ambition until Columbia cast "Dirigible", which is being made with the co-operation of the United States Navy. From a score of possibilities, she was selected for the leading feminine rôle and she was elated. She had now entered the field in which her talented husband shines and was determined to be a credit to his tutelage in her work in the production.

In outward appearance, Fay Wray is a delicate and very beautiful hothouse orchid. In reality, this slender, appealing young lady is a crack tennis player, a fine golfer and a genuine all-round athlete. On the tennis court, she usually tires the men who play opposite her, before giving any signs of weariness. Not entirely contented with tennis, she is an enthusiast over the indoor game that reached its heights of popularity a score of years ago and is being rapidly revived in the motion picture colony. It is ping pong or indoor tennis.

She is a prolific reader and, in addition to absorbing the contents of her husband's numerous manuscripts and giving him suggestions, she reads extensively. She believes that a young girl should read everything worth while and gain a general knowledge of the literary and scientific fields rather than specialize in any one line or read any author exclusively. Her chief ambition is to soar to great heights in her chosen profession and, like the Divine Sarah Bernhardt, endeavors to make each performance better than the previous. She is never satisfied with her work and is ever striving to improve.

A delightful conversationalist, with a magnetic personality that draws scores of friends to her, Fay Wray is the center of attraction in any gathering. She has succeeded because she made her way by close application and through inherent fitness.

Do Not Miss
ROSEMARY LEE
ON THE AIR

Sunday —WAAT	**- - -**	**3:30 P.M.**
Monday—WSGH	**- - -**	**10:30 A.M.**
WOR	**- - -**	**8:30 P.M.**

Billy the Kid

(*Continued from page* 15)

"Don't be a fool," Brewer admonished. "You want to kill the Kid?"

Suddenly Old Stuff spoke up.

"I'm so mortal thirsty, Billy, I think I'll make the trip to the rain barrel."

"We're all thirsty," the Kid answered. "Let's deal a hand of seven-card stud, with deuces wild, to decide."

But Old Stuff had already grabbed the bucket and started for the door.

"Nope. Deuces wild in the cow country is un-Christian. Me, I'm going to drink." Before any one could stop him he threw open the door and leaped out.

"My God, cover him with me, Dick," Billy yelled.

"Quick, Tom!" Brewer called.

O'Folliard ran over to them and the three jammed the door and fired rapidly.

Once out of the door, Old Stuff rushed to the rain barrel under incessant fire. Taking a rain bucket off the barrel, he deliberately made three trips to where the shed was burning, each time dousing the fire and stamping on it with his feet. On the return trip, he fell, recovered himself and staggered to the barrel, where he filled the bucket for the fourth time, bringing it into the house to a salvo of cheers from the defenders. Kicking the door shut behind him, he put the bucket down weakly and sat on the floor. He was too exhausted to sit up for long, but lay flat on his back.

Billy grabbed the bucket and held it to his mouth.

"Here, drink it—all—Old Stuff—it's yours."

"I hate water" the other whispered in dying gasps. "I'm a whisky-drinker myself. . . . Sweet Jumping Jenkins, who'd ever thought I'd die trying to get a drink of water?"

They were his last words.

O'Folliard brushed his eyes.

"Live or die, bad shot or not, he went through fire and water for a man like me."

Brewer placed a blanket over the body.

"Tell all the boys to take a look at him and learn how a man don't care whether school keeps or not when he loves his friends."

McSween stood staring at the body as though hypnotized. Suddenly he straightened up and turned to the others.

"Enough!" he said. "I'm not going to let them kill any more men for me. It's not you they want; it's me. They got rid of Tunston and, when they get me out of the way, they'll be satisfied. I'm going to give myself up."

Billy stood before the door.

"I won't let you go," he declared.

But McSween was determined.

"What have you got to do with it?"

Brewer interrupted.

"Take my advice, Mr. McSween. Stay here till we all run for it."

"Yes, do that," the Kid added.

A desperate courage had come over McSween. He pushed the Kid away from the door.

"I will not run for anything—never in the presence of the enemies of the Lord. God is on the side of the right. Even though I die, these things will pass and the earth will be green again. We are in this situation because I feared to meet them. I ask God's pardon for doubting His care." With the last words he opened the door and walked out, crying in a loud voice, "It is I, McSween."

The answer was a shot from the enemy embankment. McSween spun around and fell over dead.

THE house had been set afire again and there was nothing to do but run for it.

"We want to come out of here like quail now," advised Billy. "Who goes first?"

Hatfield bowed mockingly.

"Will you do me the honor, Mr. Butterworth?"

"Let me put in a few more slugs," Butterworth answered.

He and Swenson spat a mouthful of slugs into the barrel of their guns.

"They'll all be right smart surprised at this salvo," Hatfield shouted as he opened the door and started firing.

With Hatfield leading the way, they all rushed out, Billy keeping them covered. Swenson was the first to fall. Bowdre tried to pick him up, but he was dead. The rest zigzagged their way across the yard. Santiago was hit. Diego stood over him, firing again and again. With

the last shot he, too, fell, making the sign of the cross on the ground.

Left to himself, the Kid rolled a cigarette. Outside he could hear cries from the attackers.

"Come on, Kid, let's see the color of that backbone! Must have a white feather in there!"

The Kid smiled as he rolled his cigarette. As a burning beam fell from the ceiling close to him, he leaned over and lit his cigarette from the flames. Finally he stepped to the door. Glancing at a mirror on the wall, he placed his hat firmly on his head, buttoned his coat and deliberately straightened his tie.

Going out the door, he took several quick steps as if he were going to run, then stopped dead and slipped into the shadow of the roof, firing all the time as he moved. Walking in the shadow of the house, he reached the corner and then ran for the wall. As the bullets spun around his head, he made a swift leap and crossed the wall. Once on the back of his horse, he was safe.

McSWEEN had been wrong. Donovan was not satisfied with having caused his death. He wanted the Kid now. The hue and cry was up—Billy the Kid—dead or alive. And he finally caught him; at least, Garrett, his deputy, did. He hated to do it. He liked the Kid a lot. But he felt that, if he didn't get Billy, he would shoot every member of Donovan's gang. They starved him out of a rock cave in the mountains. It was Billy's old love for bacon that turned the trick. Garret coaxed him out with the smell of bacon being cooked over a fire.

"Better come out and have some of it," he called. "It'll give you strength to run faster."

And Billy answered:

"Smells mighty good, Pat."

"Eats better'n it smells," Garret called, and Billy asked him how he figured he could get a piece in his mouth.

This was Garrett's chance.

"Just throw your guns away," he said, "put your hands over your head and stick your tongue out, Billy." And Billy held out no longer.

Now they had him in Garrett's office in the courthouse. He sat in a chair by the window, his manacled feet stuck straight ahead and crossed. Two deputies guarded him, Bellinger lying on a nearby cot and Bell standing by the door. Beneath, in the courthouse yard, two men were testing the trap of a brand-new, yellow-wood scaffold. Billy watched them. Ballinger gazed at the ceiling.

"I wish I was in Santa Fe with Pat Garrett," he said. "After I'd got that eighteen feet of manila rope, know what I'd do, Bell?" Bell looked away without answering. His face showed plainly that he didn't like either Ballinger or this sort of conversation. But Ballinger wasn't to be discouraged. "Well, I'd go down to the Cantina Mexicana and I'd offer to sell that rope for a dollar an inch—that is, after I'd got through using it here at the courthouse next Friday." He glanced at Billy. "It's pretty warm, Billy. Why don't you loosen that collar? Nothing's as unhealthly for a man as keeping something tight around his neck."

"Aw, lay off him, Bob!" Bell interceded.

Ballinger snickered.

"I'm just advising the boy about his health." He looked out the window. "Donovan's beer is getting flat. They say they expect a new barrel in next Saturday."

At the mention of beer, Billy looked up.

"Say, Bell," he began, "I got thirty cents. What do you say, you go over to the store and get us a can of that beer?" He glanced at Bell inquiringly. "You can get it now before Bob goes to dinner."

Ballinger immediately got up.

"I'm sorry, Billy. I'd like to accommodate you, but I've got to go right now. I have to keep good and strong. I don't want to stretch things too far." Before leaving, he turned to Bell. "Don't play no cards with him, Bell. He might cheat you."

The look on the Kid's face was not pleasant to see, but, when the door closed on Ballinger, he smiled again.

"I'll tell you what I will do, though, Bell," he said. "I'll play you a three-game freeze-out at set-back to see who really buys that can of beer."

"I'll buy the can of beer, Billy," Bell reassured him.

"Naw," Billy protested. "I got a dollar and a half and I want to spend it before Friday."

"All right—I'll play you a freeze-out." Bell cleared off the table. "You sit where I can watch the door, Billy," he ordered.

"I'm tired sitting with these pesky chains," the Kid complained. "I think I'll sit on the edge of the table."

"Suit yourself," Bell assented.

As Billy sat down, he accidentally brushed two cards off on the floor. Bell leaned over to pick them up and Billy perceived that his holster with the gun butt was back of his elbow. A gleam came into his eye.

"Cut for deal, Billy," Bell directed.

"You deal 'em," the Kid answered. "I bid first." As he picked up his cards, his hand shook a little and he dropped another card on the floor. "I'm sorry."

"I'll get it," Bell offered.

Once again the pistol was available. This time Billy edged a little closer to Bell on the table, rocking to time the action he had in mind. Getting the card in his manacled hands, he moved just a little nearer.

"I bid three. If I'm lucky, I'll catch that jack you got in your hand, too."

"What's your hand trembling so for, Billy?" Bell inquired.

"I suppose it's just the sight of those Mexicans building that gallows." He moved a little nearer. "It'll quiet down in a minute. Gimme three cards." As he discarded his cards, Bell looked seriously at his own hand and failed to see that Billy deliberately dropped an ace, face-upwards, on the floor. "Look at me. I dropped my ace," Billy said. "We'd better play right on the floor, Bell."

"After this, you got to get a basket," Bell warned. As he bent down, Billy leaned over, gently tilting his body with his two hands chained. There was nothing quick about it—it was just beautifully timed. He simply rocked over and back and, when he rolled back, he had Bell's gun. The whole thing had been done so quietly that the man didn't realize what had happened until he found himself looking into the muzzle of his own gun.

"Don't kill me, Billy," he pleaded.

The Kid shook his head.

"Naw, I ain't. I'm giving you a double cut, Bell. Ain't no underhand dealing for you." He held out his hands. "Just take these little things off my wrists and ankles." As Bell loosened him, the Kid glanced at the closet door. "Now I want you to step over to that closet there, Bell. You'll have to pretend you're a little kid in the dark, just hiding away, 'cause I'm going to lock the door."

Bell did as he was told. With a last look around, Billy stealthily crept to the door, opened it a crack and slid out of the room.

IT was Billy the Kid's last escape. If he had known enough to clear out this time, it would have been successful. But Billy had an errand to fulfill before leaving.

He waited until it grew dark before climbing into a window of the hotel. Kicking off his boots, he made his way down the hall in his stocking feet until he came to Claire's room. He opened the door softly. He looked down on her as she lay there, breathing softly. Suddenly her eyelids quivered and she opened her eyes. Billy bent over her. He knew now that she was the only thing in the world that meant anything to him.

"Oh, Claire, I wan't to kiss you," he murmured.

She lifted her face to his and put her arms around his neck.

Suddenly the door opened. It was Garrett.

"Put up your hands, Billy," he commanded.

As Billy leaped from the bed to reach for his gun, Garrett fired. Billy dropped without a murmur. Claire screamed. Garrett picked him up and carried him to the door. As he opened it with his foot, he turned to the sobbing figure in the bed.

"No one will ever know, Miss Claire," he said. "It's a secret you and I must keep. I killed him in the hall."

Claire buried her head in the pillow. Outside she heard rising murmurs as Garrett delivered his captor. They had caught the Kid, at last.

Scotland Yard

(*Continued from page 9*)

her with a display of affectionate, he nevertheless made his presence felt at all times, a comforting, restful presence.

And, while Xandra was confined to her room, Dakin sent a blind message to his old buddy, Charles Fox. If he failed to recognize him, then the transformation had indeed been complete. He sat at the same table with him, he talked to him, but neither face nor voice brought up any familiar associations until Dakin said:

"Hello, Charles!"

They met again in London, the day before Dakin was to take Sir John's place in the bank.

"Do you think we'll get away with it?" Charles asked eagerly.

"Why not?" the other returned. "Lasher's wife thinks I'm her husband, a policeman from Scotland Yard met us at the train and said, 'Good evening, Sir John. Delighted to have you with us again.' Simple, I tell you. We'll be out of London tomorrow."

THE next day, Dr. Pister Van Eyck of the Bank of the Netherlands, Amsterdam, was shown into Sir John Lasher's office. Dakin bowed gravely in greeting, then, the moment the door had closed upon the bank clerk, he congratulated:

"Perfect, Charles, perfect!"

The other strolled over to the window, then turned back quickly.

"What are those two Scotland Yard men doing out there?" he asked.

"Don't get excited. Everything's all right," Dakin assured him.

"I'm not so sure," Charles returned.

"Leave that to me," his friend advised. "You've got a lot to think about. Unless something unforeseen happens, we'll be out of England before sundown."

"Did you have any trouble getting your hands on those securities?" the other asked.

"They're on the way up here now, a fortune," Dakin smiled. "I selected just what we wanted."

"I have the fakes here. I've been up all night with the hand press." He held out a bundle of papers. "You can't tell them from the originals."

"Careful, careful, sit down," Dakin warned. "Lord St. Arran will be back here any moment. I'll explain that everything has been arranged between us and ask permission to check over the bonds—understand? I'll check them with you, then switch them over to the fakes and then—"

He was interrupted by the entrance of Lord St. Arran and Sir Clive Heathcote. The former had a paper for Sir John to sign. As he took the pen in his hand, Heathcote watched him with narrowing eyes.

"That's strange," he commented finally. "I thought you always wrote with your left hand, Sir John."

Dakin met the other's eyes calmly.

"Shrapnel—Viny Ridge," he explained. "You see I had to learn to use the other. Frightful scrawl, what?"

Then Charles asked if he might look over the securities but Lord St. Arran informed him that he need not go to that trouble, all the details would be attended to by the bank staff. But Charles insisted. He had still not gotten beyond the thrill of holding vast amounts of securities in his hands. So it was finally arranged that Sir John was to count over the bonds with the customer from Amsterdam. Then Dakin addressed the disguised Charles:

"You see, Doctor, we all realize and understand your point of view. However, I feel—that—I feel—oh, how stupid of me! I'm a bit done up, I fancy. You see, Doctor, I've been very ill—a very tiring day—the first in business, so to speak."

An attendant brought a glass of water. After a pause, Charles suggested:

"And now, if you feel up to it, we may proceed."

"Well, I'm afraid, Doctor, I'll have to ask you to defer the matter until tomorrow."

Charles pleaded but nothing would change the other's decision. As St. Arran got up to return to his own office, Dakin held out the securities the bank clerk had delivered with the request that he put them in his private safe.

"You will hear from me, Sir John," Charles said meaningly as he rose to take his departure.

"No doubt!" Dakin commented with a slight twinkle in his eye.

Heathcote lingered after the others had departed.

"Unfortunate you didn't feel well enough to complete the transaction," he remarked.

"I wasn't ill. That was a trick," the other told him. "Something warned me not to let Dr. Van Eyck lay his hands on those securities. I honestly believe that man is an impostor."

THAT evening Xandra insisted that Sir Clive and her husband join her at a special little dinner she was preparing for them on the house boat. Both men agreed and the dinner proceeded merrily, Xandra presiding with sweet graciousness while the two clever minds matched their wits. Dinner ended, Sir Clive announced that he must hurry away.

"What business is so important that it takes you away?" the girl inquired.

"It has to do with the story I promised to tell you earlier in the evening," he smiled, then he began, "Once upon a time, a man, let us call him Smith, married a very beautiful girl. The day after the wedding he left for the battlefront—and never returned. Another man—a

crook, by the way—let's call him Jones—also became a war hero. He landed in a hospital in France, his face torn by shrapnel, and was given the face of Smith. How it happened I don't know yet."

He paused and Dakin put in:

"Oh, I know that story, Sir Clive. The war ended and the second man, Jones, came back as Smith and was accepted by everyone as Smith—including his wife."

"Absurd!" Xandra commented.

"Then it appears this crook ran across a pal of his, also a crook," Sir Clive continued. "They were planning a very big robbery. When everything was in readiness, the first crook learned that the police were planning to catch them both, red-handed. Jones can remain with the girl for the time being or refuse to desert his pal, and, in trying to help him, will be—"

"Nabbed by the police," Dakin filled in the pause.

"Yes," Sir Clive agreed. "What do you think he he should do?"

"You tell me," Dakin urged, a trifle wearily. "I've had a pretty hard day at the bank."

"Well, there's only one logical ending to the story," the other commented as he rose to go. "Perhaps I can tell you tomorrow. The case isn't closed yet."

When they were alone, Xandra expressed the opinion that Sir Clive's story was very dull and wanted to know what it all meant.

"Something important," Dakin told her. "There's going to be a robbery at the bank tonight and he wants me to be there."

Xandra begged him not to go. They were so happy there together and she wanted him with her always.

"I'll never leave you, Xandra," he promised. "We'll always be together. Wherever I am, you will always be with me. But I must go now. I am needed at the bank."

But Charles had arrived before Dakin and had already taken the securities. His friend begged him not to try to leave the bank with them. The place was surrounded. He would try to get him out some way. But the other would not listen. His buddy had lost his nerve when he had refused to go through with the transaction that afternoon. Now he was trying to get away with the loot for himself.

As Dakin predicted, Charles was caught in an attempt to leave the bank. In a desperate dash for freedom, he was shot and killed by one of the policemen. And, as he also predicted, Sir Clive was on hand. Xandra, worried about his safety, entered the bank just in time to hear Sir Clive order one of his lieutenants:

"Put this man under arrest."

The girl's puzzled, fear-wide eyes searched his.

"John!" she exclaimed. "Who are you?"

"Just a fellow who fell in love," he told her whimsically.

"Who are you?" she repeated.

"My name is Dakin Barrolles."

"The masquerade is over," Sir Clive put in. "I'm taking him away with me."

"Did you hear what he said?" Dakin asked. "You understand? He's taking you, Xandra, away from me. Oh, I can't explain. I won't even try. I'm sorry. Please forget everything except that I love you."

"And you, dear," she said, "please forget everything except that I love you, too, and that I'll be waiting, waiting for you to come back."

SIR CLIVE personally escorted his prisoner to Scotland Yard.

"I think you're greatly changed," he commented as they walked along.

"My face?" the other queried.

"Well, partly that, of course, but—"

"You're right, Sir Clive. They changed not only my face but something inside, something here." He placed his hand over his heart.

"I'm sure of that," Sir Clive said sincerely, "or you never would have gone back to that bank tonight."

Her Man

(*Continued from page* 5)

retained a soft attraction and many men continued to seek her company. Now she half reclined on the table over the glass of liquor which she held in her unsteady hand. Between Frankie and the older woman there had always been a peculiar friendship. The latter had stood by the girl, advising her and helping her to solve the serious problems that had confronted her since she became an inmate of the underworld dive. At Frankie's entrance, she looked up with a smile of welcome in her drink-bleared eyes.

"Where's Johnnie?" the girl asked.

"Ain't he outside, dearie?" Annie returned.

"Would I be askin' if he was?" Frankie snapped.

"What's the matter, dearie, somethin' wrong?"

"I'm all shot. It's this joint." The girl sank wearily into the chair beside the older woman.

"Annie don't miss much." She leaned closer to her young companion. "It's that sailor. You're stuck on him. An' it ain't in the cards, dearie. Don't go fallin' for no sailor. They ain't none of them on the level with the dames they meet down here."

"That's just it," Frankie flashed. "They ain't nothin' down here that's on the level."

"Dearie, Annie just don't want you to get hurt." A note of motherliness crept into the thick voice. "Forget this guy. Forget you ever seen him. You were gettin' by swell till—"

"Gettin' by!" the girl interrupted. How? Sneakin', cheatin', stealin'! As far back as I can remember, I've been gettin' by that way. Some one taught me to steal as soon as I could walk. I kept on doin' it because I never knew no better. But now I do and I'm through."

A reminiscent look lighted Annie's eyes for a second, as she peered down the years back into her own girlhood.

"I used to talk like that," she said, as if to herself. "But try and tell it to the cops in the States. You're like me, dearie, like I was at your age. I was in love, too, with a sailor—"

"Listen," Frankie interrupted passionately, "you've got an idea that I'm hard as nails. I ain't. I'm just a dame like any other. See? They's somethin' in life for me besides all this—somethin' that's good and worth while—and I'm gonna find it."

"We're part of all this, you and me," Annie told her. "Why, you don't even know who your folks was!"

"If I did, I'd—"

"Just what would you do?" the older woman asked, as if humoring a little child.

The girl had risen from her chair now and was facing the other with flashing eyes.

"Listen, I didn't ask to be born into a rotten dump like this, did I? I didn't ask to be born at all! Now you're tellin' me because I was born here I gotta live like this all the rest of my life! I don't! See? I'm goin' to get out. My sailor'll help me, Annie. I know it! He said he would!"

"You're off your nut," the other laughed.

The fire died from Frankie's eyes and her slim young shoulders drooped in weary dejection.

"I guess you're right, Annie," she said hopelessly. "I'm just off my nut. I'll buy a drink."

From her waist she took a coin and flipped it down on the table. The other picked it up and examined it carefully, her eyes opening in bewilderment.

"Where did you get this?" she asked finally. "It won't buy nothin'. It's a medal. It says on it, 'For Courage Displayed During the Sinking of the S.S. Arrow.' It was given to somebody for being a brave guy."

Frankie stood silent for a moment, her eyes visioning a blond-haired sailor with a frank, open grin. To her ears came the words:

"I might have been raisin' chickens now if there had been anybody—"

She hesitated a moment, then her lips set in a determined line.

"Say, what time do those cargo boats shove off in the mornin'?"

"Different times," Annie answered, puzzled. "Why?"

"Nothin'," the girl returned with a shrug of her shoulders. "I was just thinkin'."

Folding the medal tenderly in her handkerchief, she hurried out to her locker and tucked it safely away in the folds of a discarded evening dress.

THE next morning, Frankie was at the docks as the ships were making ready to sail. Eagerly she scanned the faces of the sailors as they hustled about their duties, then she turned away, her eyes shadowed with disappointment. As she felt some one near her, she looked up—into Danny's grinning face.

"It's a beautiful day," he laughed, "a grand day for watchin' ships put out to sea. It's the spring in the air. It gets me, too, the birds and the smells that's in the air and the ships that's goin' to sea. Now it ain't every ship that shoves off, either. There's ships and ships. Sometimes there's a particular ship—"

"I thought you was goin' to shove off this mornin', sailor," Frankie interrupted, striving to make her tone casual.

"I thought you thought so," he laughed. "I had a good reason for stayin' behind. I couldn't sail on St. Patrick's day. I spent my birthday at sea—last month that was—so I made up my mind to stay ashore and celebrate today, and you're gonna help me."

FRANKIE had never passed such happy hours as those that followed with Dan, the sailor. Even in his rough surroundings, the religious training he had received as a small boy still colored his life and, before they went to dinner, he took her to a tiny little church hidden away at the other end of town, in order that he might do homage to St. Patrick. Frankie had never been in a church before, at least not that she remembered, and the silent calmness came over her soul with a suddenness that frightened her. Tremblingly, she knelt at Dan's side before the altar with its candles and its sacred statues and watched the boy cross himself. What it all meant, she had no idea, but she felt that it must be something good and clean, the something that made this lad different from the other frequenters of the Thalia. It was the something she spoke about to every new customer, spoke about but did not understand.

Later, as they lingered over their dinner, Dan again began to speak about the farm that belonged to the "guy's old lady".

"It's grand," he told the eager girl. "Sorta snuggled down in a little green valley it is. Oh, Frankie, can't you see what it is? It's—it's—it's our dreams come true, yours and mine." He leaned closer and his big hand took her tiny one in a protecting clasp. She attempted to withdraw it.

"No, no, Dan, you dunno what you're sayin'," she protested.

"I'm sayin' that I love you, sweetheart."

"You mustn't, Dan. It ain't right." She drew back from him in sudden fear.

"It is right," he told her, "and nothin' in the world ain't gonna come between us. If it's what you've been that worries you, forget it. The worst you ever done was to get by the only way you knew how. And that was before today. Don't you see? That's all behind us. We're goin' ahead, you an' me, an' we ain't never gonna look back." He stopped abruptly, struck by a sudden thought. "You love me, don't you?" he asked eagerly. "You ain't said so, but I thought—"

"Oh, I do, I do," the girl sobbed happily.

"It's all settled then," he said, rising from the table and taking her arm. "I'll find Speed Hanson. He's skipper of the *William B.* She's shovin' off tonight. She'll give us passage to the States, and then—my wife forever. You grab all your things together and I'll be back for you inside an hour. Okay?"

Frankie looked up at him, her eyes shining. In the back of her mind there was the image of Johnnie, but she cast it from her. She had a right to live and love and now she had found her man.

"Okay, Dan," she smiled. "But you'd better meet me at the Thalia. I got to get somethin' there."

A shadow darkened the boy's face.

"The Thalia?" he repeated. "Darlin', I hate to have you go near that joint again."

"I hate it, too, Dan, more than anything in the world, but I just gotta—it's somethin' you'll understand. An' please hurry, Dan. I'll go coo-coo waitin' for you."

"I'm coo-coo now about you, darlin'."

He kissed her tenderly and went whistling down the street.

AT the Thalia, Frankie found Johnny waiting for her. Immediately he was struck by the something different about her, the new light that shone in her eyes, the soft, tender curve of her lips.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked gruffly. "Somethin' special on you mind is there?"

"Yes, there is," she told him dreamily. "Somethin' happened today, Johnnie, I want to tell—"

"I can't listen now," he interrupted. "You can spill it to me later. I gotta see a couple of guys."

"Okay," she assented happily. "Just as you say."

A few minutes later Annie, strolling through the locker room, stopped suddenly at the unusual song on the girl's lips.

"What you so happy about, Frankie?" she asked wonderingly.

"Dan and me is going to hit it off," the girl told her joyfully. "I had to come back here to get his medal 'cause I want him to have it."

A shadow darkened Annie's face.

"So Dan's comin' for you here, huh?" she repeated meaningly. "I knew there was somethin' up when I saw Johnnie with them two guys. Do you expect he's goin' to take this sittin' down?"

"Oh, I ain't going to slip nothin' over on him," Frankie hastened to explain. "I'm goin' to tell him all about it."

(*Continued on page 27*)

Helping Hearts Club

(*Continued from page* 21)

Please, Rosemary, can't you find 'lil me a great big bunch of friends, girls and boys both. I'll answer every single one, I promise, and will send snaps to all these that care to write.

Thanking you,

Lou Ann.

* * *

No, it doesn't sound a bit funny that a nurse away from home can get lonesome. Your hours are so different from those of other young people that it must be difficult to find companions who have the same leisure time as you do. But now I'm sure " 'lil me" is going to be lonesome no longer. Just wait and see.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Please forward this letter to the most charmingly, modest little girl I ever heard of, Lilly of Brooklyn. Lilly described herself as having sparkling brown eyes, rosebud lips, and beautiful golden hair. She admits unblushingly that she is "quite popular on account of her pleasing personality". She further states that she is interested in aviation and "all other sports". The darling! She thinks aviation is a sport. She should ask Col. Lindbergh or somebody. Lilly and I should get along great. Both of us have inflated egos. Mine, I've been told, is merely an inferiority complex letting off steam. I haven't the slightest idea what that means. Anyway, it's "Freud" for thought. How's that for a pun-k one?

I'm a struggling (and that, my dears, is putting it mildly) young writer. I haven't sold anything for ages. Only yesterday a "confession" yarn was returned with the curt comment (evidently I failed to absorb this particular magazine's editorial policy) that it was too obscene, oh, much too obscene, and what the so-and-so did I think they were running, a scandal sheet? Dear, dear! And the man told me that Percival McGinnis out in Two Forks had been taking their course only thirty days when he sold a scenario for $2,000. I'm going to write something about a little Cinderella who finds true love and her Prince Charming in Oscar, the shipping clerk, and maybe have them take up farming or something to prove it. That will make me an even sixty rejection slips.

You're a successful newspaperwoman, Miss Lee. What would you do, stick it out for a year or chuck it all right now and take up engineering? Writing has a glamour about it that fascinates me. But, believe me, fascination is not a very good substitute for eating.

I'd like to join the club and, if there are other members struggling for a tiny foothold in the journalistic world, I'd like to come in contact with them. I don't suppose you can find anything in this suitable for printing but, if you do, you use any pen name you want for me.

Earl of North Carolina.

P.S.—Excuse second sheets and blue pencil. It's a queer fancy I have. White depresses me—or so I think.

What would I do? Well, not being mechanically or mathematically inclined, I wouldn't take up engineering—but perhaps I would if I were you. Seriously speaking, writing has a glamour—next to the stage, it seems, but it is an uncertain existence—unless one is a goat and can find sufficient nourishment in rejection slips.

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Name
Address

Her Man

(*Continued from page* 26)

"From what I've seen, you don't need to tell him nothin'," Annie announced. "Johnnie's gettin' set to bump your sailor off right now."

Frankie received the news with an incredulous little laugh. Annie must be crazy to think that Johnnie had had anything to do with Red's death, as she said. But the woman took her to the window and pointed out the two men waiting in the shadow—and the girl knew she spoke the truth.

"You gotta help me, Annie," she cried hysterically. "You gotta stop Dan. Get out of here without anybody noticin' an' wait outside. Tell him to meet me a long ways from here."

Annie made her uncertain way to the door. Scarcely had it closed upon her when Johnnie entered.

"Johnnie, I've got a laugh for you," Frankie greeted. "I started to tell you before. It's that sailor. You should have got a load of what happened today. I was with him all afternoon. Can you imagine little Frankie wastin' a whole day workin' on this mug and gettin' nothin' out of it but a lot of undyin' affection? 'Forever,' he says." She began to laugh hysterically but stopped abruptly at Johnnie's warning:

"Take a slant behind yer."

She turned quickly and gazed into Dan's flashing eyes.

"Frankie, is this true?" he asked.

She swallowed quickly.

"Well, you hada hear it sometime. What're you starin' at? Listen, sailor, you hande dme a lotta laughs. But now I'm tired laughin'. See?" she ended with a hysterical gasp.

Johnnie eyed the newcomer menacingly.

"Sailor, that means 'scram' in any language."

"I'm on my way," Dan returned, his face white. "But, before I go, I wanta tell you a few things. I gave you

credit for being a real woman. I was wrong." He laughed bitterly. "Listen, you just gave me a couple of laughs, too. Much obliged, sister."

Bitter at the world in general and at women in particular, the sailor strolled out of the Thalia and found Annie waiting for him

Hastily she explained her errand. Frankie was crazy about him, but she knew, if she went away with him, Johnnie and his gang would knife him. The lad believed her explanation, perhaps because he wanted to so badly. But gangsters and knives had no terror for him. Turning on his heel, he strode back into the Thalia.

"Come on, we're leavin' here," he announced, grasping Frankie by the arm.

"Take your hands off that dame and git out of here," Johnnie ordered.

A blow that sent the other reeling to the floor was Dan's answer. Frankie's face grew white with terror as Johnnie's friends began to rush from all parts of the Thalia. But Dan was a match for them. Raining blows right and left, he fought his way through the gathering crowd, with Frankie's hand clasped tightly in his.

"There! We're out of that and we're goin' ahead," he said when it was safe for them to slow down into a walk, "and we ain't goin' to look back."

IN the doorway of the Thalia, Annie stood watching their disappearing figures. Her eyes were flooded with a motherly light that transformed her face. She turned to the man at her side and said softly:

"Gee, I'm glad she's gettin' out of it all. I never have forgiven myself for bringin' her into a dump like this. But what could I do? You know I tried to get into the States with her when she was just a wee, curly-headed baby, but the cops wouldn't let me. And to think she never knew, never will know! My little Frankie!"

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Name.....

Address.....

Helping Hearts Club

(*Continued from page 27*)

Personally, I wouldn't have the courage to attempt to live by free-lancing. What would my menagerie do for meat and puppy biscuits? My theory has always been if one wants to do the work he loves and starve at it, that's his own business but, when it comes to making his family suffer deprivations or his friends annoyance because he desires to follow his own sweet will, well, that's something else again. If I were bringing up a girl or boy with artistic inclinations—and I hope to goodness they would have such inclinations—I would insist upon their being fortified with a business training or the knowledge of a trade to meet conditions in a country where artists are not endowed by the State. A friend of mine who is a brilliant writer is also an expert stenographer. When the writing game is at a low ebb, she can always fill in and make enough to keep the butcher and the baker paid up to date. Most of my friends are in either the acting or writing professions and many of them are utterly unable to cope with the present crisis. But don't give up your ambition. You may be a goat in your next reincarnation. Who knows?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have just finished reading the latest copy of your H. H. C. and really it is wonderful. The more I read it, the more I want to belong to your club.

I enclose a letter to Texas Slim. Please forward it for me. No doubt she will be surprised to hear from me, but I like to receive letters from a great distance.

You can tell her that I agree with her about her little Spanish house type as they are beautiful.

While I was at Havana last year, I was quite thrilled by the quaint little houses.

You must have many, many members in your club. I wish there was a chance for me to sail my little ship into your port.

Bluenose.

Yes, sir, Bluenose, I have fenced off a little section of the port just to fit your ship. I hope it is the old-fashioned kind with white sails for they would look so well against the autumn sky of my port—and, somehow, Bluenose, I think it's just that kind of a ship. Right?

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I picked up your magazine for the first time today and, ever since I saw your Helping Hearts Club, I've been wanting to join your club. Do you think it will be possible? I love to write letters and will answer with pleasure all that come my way.

I'm not going to be conceited and tell you how good-looking I am because everybody has her own opinion, anyway.

I like sports, especially water sports, dancing, horse-back riding and golf. I am sixteen and have light curly hair and blue eyes. I weigh 108 pounds. I was in a beauty contest at our county fair and was crowned Queen.

I love to travel and I have been to many places in the U. S. A., Mexico and Canada.

I hope somebody will have a great big heart and write to me. I will send my picture to anybody who wishes it.

I would like to hear from Wally and Dave of New York.

Senorita.

Send NO money

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CHAIN AND KNIFE GIVEN

GOLD BOND GUARANTEE

What are your artistic leanings, my dear? No, your Big Chief hasn't taken leave of her senses. The other evening I paused a moment in a dash to our Paramount Theatre which, you know, is at the Crossroads of the World—and right across the way from my office—I can see it from my window—to listen to a very interesting little lady who was reading handwriting. The specimen she had before her had the "i's" dotted just the way you dot yours. This, if I remember correctly, she declared, showed artistic leanings which, she said, should be followed at any cost. So, if you have talent in any direction, don't neglect it. You can't tell where you'll land. For that matter, can any of us? Graphology must be a very interesting study. I wish I had time to go into it more deeply. Then I could read the handwriting of all my little pals—and I suppose you'd all take to typing your letters. My esteemed editor just called over from her little corner:

"Say, Rosemary, haven't you enough to do? If not, well, perhaps—"

Ssh, darlings! I'm as busy as a bee. I really haven't time to go out to interview anyone, thank you—even that adorable little Nancy Carroll.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

May I, too, turn to your club for aid? So many have done it that I thought I'd try, too.

I'm not my usual self, Rosemary, not for almost a year. I'm not the life of the party as I used to be. I suppose you know the trouble! Heart-broken—of course!

I'm just a young girl, seventeen, not hard to look at, and I'm hoping some fairy prince or even a pauper will come to my aid and cheer me up—for, if there's anyone needs cheering, it's

Lonesome, of Allentown.

My dear, I just can't hear of your being heart-broken at seventeen. It just isn't being done. Yours is a heritage of happiness and hope. Don't let one little disappointment cloud that sunny sky of yours.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I have just finished reading your letter and wish very much to become a member of your Helping Hearts Club.

I am seventeen years of age, five feet two inches tall, weigh 102 pounds, have blue eyes and brown hair.

I am fond of music, dancing and reading, especially mystery stories, and very interested in movie stars. I love to get letters and enjoy answering them just as much, so won't you please help me to get some pen pals?

Wishing success to your club,

Sincerely yours,

Dot of Nova Scotia.

Our boys and girls enjoy corresponding with pals from your vicinity, Dot, so you may look forward to a heavy mail.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I would love to join your Helping Hearts Club.

I am twenty-four years of age, five feet, two inches tall, black hair, dark brown eyes, high school graduate, and have studied several years at the New England Conservatory of Music.

I am a violinist, and very fond of all kinds of music.

I would love to hear from Hoosier Hal. Please forward my letter to him, if I am not too late.

Sincerely yours,

Betty of Vermont.

I congratulate you on your wonderful opportunity to study something that will bring joy to so many.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I should like very much to become a member of your club. Will you kindly admit me?

This is a small town here, population about seven hundred. There isn't much to do, so I would love to hear from some Pen Pals.

I read *Moving Picture Stories* and enjoy it very much, especially your column.

I am six feet tall, have red hair and brown eyes and weigh one hundred fifty-five pounds and am considered a pretty good-looking chap. I love all kinds of sports, especially hunting and fishing. I love to dance. I am nineteen years old. I would love to hear from Brown Eyes of Iowa. Hoping for a letter soon,

Red of Missouri.

Why not write to Brown Eyes of Iowa, Red? I am sure she will be glad to hear from you. I know what letters from the big cities must mean to folks in the smaller towns. Seven hundred population! I was going to say there are almost as many people on my block—but I'm afraid that might be a slight exaggeration.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

With very little consideration or reconsideration after reading your clever answers to your friends, I, too, have decided to drop you a line. Were this two years ago, I could drop you a line every week from a different country—but, as we all have to get down to business sometimes, that fortunate thing happened to me, too. For the past two years, I have been back in New York, working hard, but am glad to say that I enjoy work just as much as I did when I was the "world's perfect loafer"—if not more.

Although a big optimist, I am quite sure that I am on the highway to a possible success. I work hard, have power and enjoy being the

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Name.....

Address.....

"chief", although at times I stop and look around and find myself drifted too for away from the crowd I should really be in. My companion of the evening turns out to be a salesman who the following day tries to sell me something or other.

Of course, I go to parties, theatres, concerts, etc.—but usually with ladies who try to be pleasant because they were instructed so by one who thinks that he is obliged to do so.

I am rather handsome and pleasant and usually the life of any party, but lately I can't get enthusiastic for such-like affairs.

My college pals with whom I spent three years have also returned to their homes. We write, of course—and that's just about the only thing that has the atmosphere of *auld lang syne*. Time forbids me to continue. The morning mail awaits my attention more eagerly than I goeth to attend to it.

To be one of you will surely afford me great pleasure and perhaps be even the solution of my "case".

And for those whom it may interest—I am just twenty-three years old.

The Chief.

I am glad you are interested in your work, Chief. (I'll forgive you as long as you didn't say, "Big Chief." That, you know, is my own special title.) You are young—in years—to have a position of such responsibility. I just love to see my pals taking their places among those who guide the destinies of life. Yes, sir, it does seem that everyone is a salesman of something or other these days. Come to think of it, even the H. H. C. is—a salesman of cheer, comfort and companionship. The commissions? Oh, they're so big I can't figure up that high!

* * *

Hello, World!

This is station LONELY, broadcasting from a little town in that grand old state called Kentucky, announcing that I, Joeanna, want to hear from pen pals all over the world—any type, any age, of men and women. I would very much like to hear from some Indian boy or girl in the West, around about Tulsa, Oklahoma.

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So I will sign off, ladies and gen-

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tlemen, as I am sure there is some one else waiting to make an announcement.

Yours sincerely,
Joeanna.

Okay, Joeanna! I hope you have chosen a good hour and that everyone is tuned in on your station.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Just lately I have been reading *M. P. S.* and naturally I noticed your Helping Hearts Club as I am very

(*Continued on page 32*)

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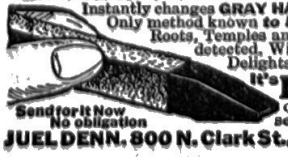

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Helping Hearts Club

(*Continued from page* 31)

much interested in writing and receiving letters from all parts of the globe. I write some French, so don't be afraid to *parlez vous*. If I receive many letters, I will never forget *M. P. S.* So please, folks, write. I am a junior in high school, boy, five feet three inches tall, blue eyes, and blond—as if that would make a difference. I am thinking of going abroad and would like to get in touch with girls and boys of foreign countries. Miss Rosemary, I shall be ever so thankful if you will put this in print. I like to chum around with boys and girls who are full of fun and half crazy. Thanks a lot for reading this epistle.

Sincerely,
Larry of Maine.

P.S. By the way, folks, I will answer all letters, if I have to hire a private secretary.

Any objections, Larry, to hearing from pals who are wholly crazy—or not crazy at all?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Try to squeeze a little Polish girl into your club, please! I am a blonde, five feet five inches. Whoopee! Here I is! Boys and Girls, rush to your desks and scribble me a line. I have loads of friends but no pen pals. I'm what you call a bookworm. But do I love to write? Oh, boy! Come on everybody. I would love to hear from boys and girls up to eighteen from all over the world. Please write to

Baby Al.

Okay, little Polish girl.

RULES OF THE HELPING HEARTS CLUB

(1) Address all letters to Rosemary Lee, suite 1117, 1478 Broadway, New York City.

(2) Write on one side of the paper only but write as much as you desire.

(3) Stamp letters to be forwarded, and address them in lead pencil across the back with pen names of pals. Enclose these in envelope addressed to Rosemary Lee.

(4) Use five-cent stamps on letters to foreign pals.

(5) Put on your letters to be published your pen name and your own name and complete address. Only pen names will be published.

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Address.....

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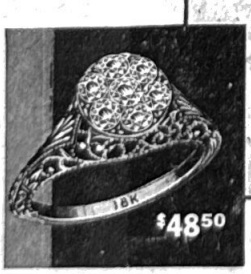

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